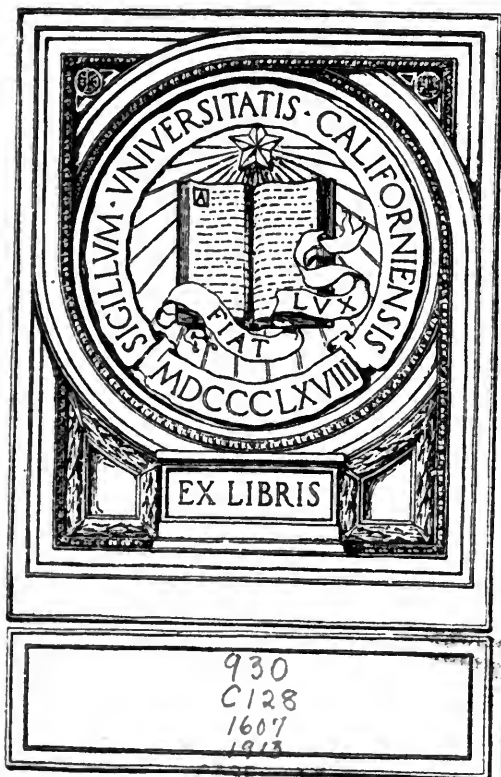


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The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

1607

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIII

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

1607

This facsimile is from a copy dated 1607 now in the British Museum.

An undated copy (Hazlitt), presumed to be earlier (1506), is in private hands.

The original is not good from a photographic point of view. The present facsimile is generally good. The blur on C2, v., is due to a mending. Holes in the paper, with more or less discoloured edges, occur on I1, recto and v., and on I4, recto.

✱ JOHN S. FARMER.

THE TRAGEDIE

OF

Cæsar and Pompey.

OR

CÆSARS

Reuenge.

Primarily acted by the Students of Trinity
Colledge in Oxford.

AT LONDON

Printed for Nathaniel Fosbrooke and John Wright, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the
signe of the Helmet.

1607.
1608
1609
1610
1611
1612
1613
1614
1615

The names of the Actors.

Discord.

Titinnius.

Brutus.

Pompey.

Caesar.

Anthony.

Dalobella.

Cornelia.

Cleopatra.

Achilles.

Sempronius.

Cassius.

Caio Sen.

Caesa.

Roman 1.

Roman 2.

Bonus Genius.

Calphurnia.

Augur.

Prætor.

Senators.

Bucolian.

Ætæan.

Caesar's Ghost.

Cicero.

Caio Iun.

Camber.



[illegible]

The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

Soudalarum then flames of fire.

Enter Discord.

Hearke how the *Romaine* drums sound bloud & death,
And *Mars* high mounted on his *Thracian Steeder*
Runs madding through *Pharsalias* purple fieldes,
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carcases of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous sights,
For feare puts out her ever burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titus* war,)
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,
The *Beare* doth hide her in forbidden Sea,
Feare makes *Bootes* switten her slowe pace,
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,
And his vnwildy burthen to forsake.
Cæsars keene *Falchion*, through the *Aduerse* rankes,
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,
Through troupes & troonkes, & Steele, & standing blood:
He whose proud *Trophies* whileom *Asia* field,
And conquered *Pontus*, singe his lasting praise.
Great *Pompey*, Great, while *Fortune* did him raise,
Nowe vailes the glory of his vantage plumes
And to the ground casts of his high hang'd lookes.
You gentle Heauens, O execute your wrath
On vile mortality, that hath scorn'd your powers.
You night borne Sisters to whose haire are ty'd
In *Adamantine* Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of mischief and of plagues,
And if, O starrs you haue an influence:
That may confounde this high erected heape.

A 2

Downe

The Tragedy

Downe powre it, Vomit out your worst of ill:
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vnconquered strength,
Perish and conquered Be with her owne strength:
And win all powers to disioyne and breake,
Consume, confound, dissolue, and discipate
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raised vp.

Enter Titinius

Tit. The day is lost our hope and honours lost,
The glory of the *Romaine* name is lost,
The liberty and commonweale is lost,
The Gods that whilome heard the *Romaine* state,
And *Quirinus*, whose strong puissant arme
Did shild the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,
Do now conspire to wracke the gallant Ship,
Euen in the harbor of her wished greatnesse,
And her gay streamers, and faire waivering sayles,
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,
To drowne with Billows of prewhelming woes.

Enter Brutus

Brut. The Foe preuayles, *Brutus*, thou striuest in vaine,
Many a soule to day is sent to Hell,
And many a galant haue I don to death,
In *Pharsalias* bleeding Earth: the world can tell,
How little *Brutus* praizd this puffe of breath,
If losse of that my countries weale might gaine,
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed,
That *Rome* in highest of her fortunes pish,
In top of soverainty and imperiall sway,
By her owne height should worke her owne decay.

Enter Pompey

Pom. Where may I fly into some desert place,
Some vnconth, vnfrequented craggy rocke,
Where as my name and state was neuer heard,
I flie the Batle because here I see,
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharsalias* earth,
Which do remember me what earst I was,
Who brought such troopes of soldiars to the fielde,
And of so many thousand had command:

My

of Iulius Caesar.

My flight a heavy memory doth renew,
Which tels me I was wont to stay and winne.
But now a souldier of my feared traine:
Offered me seruice and did call me Lord,
O then I thought whome rising Sunne saw high,
Descending he beheld my misery:

Flie to the holow roote of some steepe rocke,
And in that flinty habitation hide,
Thy wofull face: from face and view of men.
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beside:
Pompey was neuer wont his head to hide
Flie where thou wilt, thou bearst about thee smart,
Shame at thy heeles and greefe lies at thy heart.

Tit. But see *Tibullus* where two warriors stand,
Casting their eyes downe to the cheareles earthe:
Alasse to soone know them for to be
Pompey and *Brutus* who like *Titus* stand,
When as forsooke of Fortune mongst his foes,
Greefe stopt his breath nor could he speake his woes,

Pom. Accursed *Pompey*, loe thou art descried.
But stay; they are thy friends that thou behouldest,
O rather had I now than in my former dayes (woes
Whose daggers poyned might straight haue pierced my
Then thus to haue my friends behold my shame.
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame,

Brut. *Brutus* Cast vp thy discontented lookes
And see two Princes thy two noble friends,
Who though I greiue me that I thus them see,
Yet is I to bee seene they liuing be. *He speaks vnto them.*
Let not the change of this succelles fight
(O noble Lords,) dimmy these dauntles mindes,
Which the faire vertue not blind chance doth rule,
Caesar not vs subdueth hath, but *Rome*,

And in that fight was best be ouerthrowne.
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but smale,
Whose victory is but his Countries fall,

Pom. O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and see,
My Souldiars dead, my friends lie slaine in field,

The Tragedy

My hopes cast downe, mine Honours ouerthrowne,
My Country subiect to a Tyrants rule,
My foe triumphing and my selfe forlorne:
Oh had I perished in that prosperous warre
Euen in mine Honours height, that happy day,
When *Mithridates* fall did rayle my fame:
Then had I gonne with Honor to my grave,
But *Pompey* was by envious heauens refer'd,
Captiue to followe *Cæsars* Chariot wheels
Riding in triumph to the Capitoh
And *Rome* oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,
Shall now resound the blemish of my name.

Brn. Oh what disgrace can taunt this worthinesse,
Of which remaine such liuing monuments
Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.
Although the oppression of distressed *Rome*
And our owne overthrow, might well drawe forth,
Distilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,
Yet should no weake effeminate passion cease
Vpon that man, the greatnesse of whose minde
And not his Fortune made him terr'd the Great.

Pom. Oh I did neuer taste mine Honours sweete
Nor now can iudge of this my sharpest sorrowe.
Fifty eight yeares in Fortunes sweete soft lap
Haue I bene luld a sleepe with pleasant ioyes,
Me hath she dandled in her foulding Armes,
And fed my hopes with prosperous euentes:
Shee Crownd my Cradle with successe and Honour,
And shall disgrace a waite my haples Hearse?
Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,
And now an ould man shall I waite my fall?
Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs past,
The Consul-ships and Honours I haue borne,
The fame and feare where in great *Pompey* liu'd,
Then doth my griued Soule informe me this,
My fall augmented by my former blesse.

Brn. Why do we vie of vertues strength to vantage,

of Julius Caesar.

If euery crosse a Noble mind can daunt,
Wee talke of courage, then is courage knowne,
When with mishap our state is ouerthrowne:
Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.
Which in the cheefest brunt doth shrink and feare,
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue shew,
But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,
Nor thinke this conquest shalbe *Pompeys* fall:
Or that *Pharsalia* shall thine honour bury,
Egipt shalbe vnpoepled for thine ayde.
And Cole-black *Libians* shall manure the grounde
In thy defence with bleeding hearts of men.

Pom. O second hope of sad oppressed *Rome*,

In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue shines,
That purchast first the *Romaine* liberty,
Let me embrace thee: like victorious youth,
When death and angry fates shall call me hence,
To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke.
My harder fortune, and more cruell starts,
Enuied to me so great a happines.

Do not prolong my life with vsine false hopes,
To deepe dispaire and sorrow I am vow'd:
Do not remouue me from that settled thought,
With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolomey*,
Egipt and *Libia* at choyle I haue.

But onely which of them he make my grane.

Tit. Tis but discomfort which misgreues thee this,
Greece by dispaire seemes greater then it is,

Bru. Tis womannish to wayle and moone our greefe,
By Industrie do wise men seeke releefe,
It that our casting do fall out a misse,

Our cunning play must then correct the dice.

Pom. Well if it needs must bee then let me goe,
Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,
And sue and bow, where earst I did command.
He that goeth seeking of a Tirant aide,
Though free he went, a seruant then is made.

Take we our last farwell, then though with paine,

Here

The Tragedy

Here three do part that heere shall meet againe.

*Exit Pompey and dome, Titinius at
another. Brutus alone.*

ACTVS I. SCENA. II.

Enter Caesar.

Ces. Follow your chase, and let your light-foote steeles
Flying as swift as did that winged horse
That with strong fettered *Pinion* cloue the Ayre,
Or take the coward flight of your base foe.

Bru. Do not with-drawe thy mortall wounding blade,
But sheath it *Caesar* in my wounded heart:

Let not that heart that did thy Country wound
Feare to lay *Brutus* bleeding on the ground.

Thy fatall strokes of death shall more mee glad
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories:

My funerall Cypresse, then thy Lawrell Crowne,
My mournfull Beere shall winne more Praise and Fame

Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.
Heere in these fatall fieldes let *Brutus* die,

And beare so many Romanes company.

Cesa. T'was not gainst thee this fatall blade was drawne
Which can no more pierce *Brutus* tender sides

Then mine owne heart, or yett then heart more deere,
For all the wronges thou didst, or strokes thou gavest.

Caesar on thee will take no worse revenge,
Then bid thee still commande him and his state:

True settled loue can neere be turn'd to hate.

Bru. To what a pitch would this maner of love
Did not ambition clog his mounting love,

Caesar thy sword hath all blisse from my side,
And giuest me life where best were to be dead.

O thou hast robd me of my chiefest toy,
And seek'st to please me with a babbling tongue. *Exit Brutus.*

Ces. *Caesar* *Pharfalia* dost thou come to meet
Ioue welcom messenger faire Victory.

Flourish

of Iulius Caesar.

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay.
And lo ioyfull, lo doth she sing
And through the world thy lasting prayſes ring.
But yet amidst thy gratefull melody
I heare a hoarse, and heauy dolfull voyce,
Of my deare Country crying, that to day
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.
In which how many fatall strokes I gaue,
So many woundes her tender brest receiu'd.
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,
Both flew vnknowing, both vnknowne are slaine,
O that ambition should such mischief worke
Or meane Men die for great mens proud desire.

ACTVS 1. SCENA 3.

Enter Anthony, Dolabella, Lord and others.

As. From sad *Pharsalia* blushing al with blood,
From deaths pale triumphes, *Pompey* ouerthrowne,
Remains in forraine soyles, brething their last,
Reuenge, strange waies and dreadfull stratagems,
Wee come to set the Lawrell on thy head
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with ioyes.

Dolo. As when that *Hector* from the *Grecian* campe
With spoiles of slaughtered *Argians* return'd,
The *Trojan* youths with crownes of conquering palmes
The *Phrigian* Virgins with faire flowry wrethes
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of *Ilium*,
So for thy victory and conquering actes
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renewae,
Which shall eternally thy head adorne.

Lord. Now hath thy sword made passage for thy selfe,
To wade in blood of them that sought thy death,
The ambitious riuall of thine Honore high,
Whose might himselfe earst made him to be feard.
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

B

Whilst

The Tragedy

Whilſt thou remainſt the conquering *Heracles*
Triumphing in thy ſpoiles and victories.

Cef. When *Phabus* left faire *Thetis* watery couch,
And peeping forth from out the goulden gate
Of his bright palace, ſaw our battle rank'd:
Oft did hee ſeeke to turne his fiery ſteedes,
Oft hid his face, and ſhunn ſuch tragick ſights.
What ſtranger paſſeſt euer by this coſt
Thee this accuſed ſoyle diſtainde with blood
Nor Chriſtall riuers, are to quench thy thirſt,
For goaring ſtreames, their riuers cleere neſſe ſtaines:
Heere are no hills wherewith to feede thine eyes,
But heaped hills of mangled Carcaſes,
Heere are no birdes to pleaſe thee with their notes:
But rauinous Vultures, and night Ravens horſe.

Anto. What meanes great *Ceſar*, droopes our generall,
Or melts in womanish compaſſions:
To ſee *Pharſalias* fieldes to change their hewe
And ſiluer ſtreames be turn'd to lakes of blood?
Why *Ceſar* oft hath ſacrific'd in *France*,
Millions of Soules, to *Plutoes* griſly dames:
And made the changed coloured *Rhene* to bluſh,
To beare his bloody burthen to the ſea.
And when as thou in mayden *Albion* ſhore
The *Romaine*, *Egle* brauely didſt aduance,
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,
No heart with more couragious Noble fire
And hope, did burne with glorious great intent.
And now ſhalt paſſion baſe that Noble minde,
And weake euent that courage ouercome?
Let *Pompey* proud, and *Pompeys* Complices
Die on our ſwords, that did enue our liues,
Let pale *Tyſiphone* be cloyd with blood:
And ſnaky furies quench their longing thirſt,
And *Ceſar* liue to glory in their end.

Cef. They ſay when as the younger *African*,
Beheld the mighty Carthage woſull fall:
And ſawe her ſtately Towers to ſmoke from farre,

No

He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekes,
Let pity then and true compassion,
Moue vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,
But *Rome* our native Country, haples *Rome*,
Whose bowels to vngently we haue peerc'd,
Fairst pride of *Europe*, Mistresse of the world,
Cradle of vertues, nurse of true renowne,
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of seauen hills:
That thou the lower worldes seauen climes mightst rule:
Thee the proud *Parthian* and the colo-black *Moore*,
The sterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maiesty.
And yet I bred and fostered in thy lappe,
Durst strue to overthrowe thy Capitoll:
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.

Dolo. O *Rome*, and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,
And the wide *Ocean* was thy Empires boundes,
And thou enricht with spoyles of all the world,
Was waxen proud with peace and soueraine raigne:
That Ciuill warres should loose what *Forraine* won,
And peace his ioyes, be turn'd to luckles broyles.

Lord. O *Pompey*, cursed cause of ciuill warre,
Which of those hel-borne sterne *Erumenides*,
Inflam'd thy minde with such ambitious fire,
As nought could quench it but thy Countries bloud.

Dolo. But this no while thy valour doth destayne,
Which found'st vnought for cause of ciuill broyles,
And fatall fuell which this fire enflam'd.

Anto. Let then his death set period to this strife,
Which was begun by his ambitious life.

Cas. The flying *Pompey* to *Larissa* hastes,
And by *Thessalian* Temple shapeth his course:
Where faire *Penens* tumbles vp his waues,
Him weele pursue as fast as he vs flies,
Nor he though garded with *Numidian* horses,
Nor ayded with the vnrefisted power

The *Meroe*, or *Heaven* mouth'd Nile can yeeld:
No not all *Affrick* arm'd in his defence
Shall serue to throwd him from my fatall sworde. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SC. 4.

Enter Cato.

Ca. O where is banish'd liberty exil'd,
To *Affrick* deserts or to *Scythia* rockes,
Or whereas siluer streaming *Tanais* is?
Happy is *India* and *Arabia* blest,
And all the bordering regions vpon *Nile*
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,
But we that boast of *Brutes* and *Colatins*,
And glory we expeld proud *Tarquins* name,
Do greene to loose, that we so long haue held:
Why reckon we our yeeres by *Consuls* names?
And so long rul'd in freedom, now to serue?
They lie that say in *Heauen* there is a powre
That for to wracke the finnes of guilty men,
Holds in his hand a fierce three-forked dart.
Why would he throw them downe on *Oeta* mount
Or wound the vnderking *Rhodope*,
And not rayne showers of his dead-doing darts,
Furor in flame, and Sulphures smothering heate
Vpon the wicked and accur'd armes
That cruell *Romains* gainst their Country beare.
Rome ware thy fall, those prodigies foretould,
When angry heauens did powre downe showers of blood
And fatall *Comets* in the heauens did blase,
And all the Statues in the Temple blast,
Did weepe the losse of *Romains* liberty.
Then if the Gods haue destined thine end,
Yet as a Mother hauing lost her Sonne,
Cato shall waite vpon thy tragick hearse,
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles corse.
He tune a sad and dol-full funerall song,

Exit

Still crying on lost liberties sweete name,
Thy sacred ashes will I wash with teares,
And thus lament my Countries obsequies.

ACT. I. SC. 5.

Enter Pompey and Cornelia.

Cor. O cruel Pompey, whether wilt thou flye,
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will
That still it seuers in extremity.

O let me go with thee, and die with thee,
Nothing shall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke
That shee endures for her sweete *Pompeys* sake.

Pom. Tis for thy weale and safety of thy life,
Whose safety I praterre before the world,
Because I loue thee more then all the world,
That thou (sweete loue) should'st heere remaine behinde
Till proote assureth *Ptolomyes* doubted faith.

Cor. O deereft, what shall I my safety call,
That which is thrust in dangers harmefull mouth?
Lookes not the thing so bad with such a name,
Call it my death, my bale, my wo, my hell,
That which indangers my sweete *Pompeys* life.

Pom. It is no danger (gentle loue) at all,
Tis but thy feare that doth it so miscall.

Cor. Ift bee no danger let me go with thee,
And of thy safety a partaker bee,
Alas why would'st thou leaue mee thus alone:
Think'st thou I cannot follow thee by Land
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,
Or do I varie in inconstant hopes:
O but thinke you my pleasure luckles is
And I haue made thee more vnfortunate.
Tis I, tis I, haue caus'd this ouerthrow,
Tis my accursed starres that boade this ill,
And those mis-fortunes to my princely loue,

Reuenge thee *Pompey*, on this wicked brat,
And end my woes by ending of my life,

Pom. What meanes my loue to aggravate my griefe,
And torture my enough tormented Soule,
With greater greuance, then *Pharfalian* losse?

Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,
And these fayr Seas, that raine downe showers of tears,
Do melt my soule in liqued streames of sorrow.

If that in *Egypt* any daunger bee,
Then let my death procure thy sweet liues safety.

Cor. Can I bee safe and *Pompey* in distresse,
Or may *Cornelia* suruiue they death,

What daunger euer happens to my Soule,

What daunger eke shall happen to my life,

Nor *Libians* quick-sands, nor the barking gulfe,

Or gaping *Scylla* shall this Vnion part,

But still Ile chayne thee in my twining armes,

And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.

Pom. O how thy loue doth ease my greued minde,

Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauens,

Vnder the which Steele shouldred *Atlas* groines.

But now thy loue doth hurt thy selfe and me,

And thy to ardent strong affection,

Hinders my teiled resolution.

Then by this loue, and by these christall eyes,

More bright then are the Lamps of *Ioues* high house,

Let me in this (I feare) my last request.

Not to indanger thy beloued life,

But in this ship remayne, and here awaite,

How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,

Cor. Nor so perswaded as coniurd sweet loue,

By thy commanding meeke petition.

I cannot say I yeeld, yet am constraind,

This neuer meeting parting to permit,

Then go deere loue, yet stay a little while,

Some what I am shure, tis more I haue to say,

Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy Steps.

Yet let me speake, why should we part so soone.

Why

Why

of Iulius Caesar.

Why is my talke tedious? may be tis the last.
Do women leane their husbands in such hast,
Pom. More faithfull, then that fayre deflowred dame,
That sacrificde her selfe to Chastety,
And far more louing then the *Charian* Quene,
That dranke her Husbands neuer sundred heart.
If that I dye, yet will it glad my soule,
Which then shall feede on those *Elisian* ioyes,
That in the sacred Temple of thy breast,
My liuing memory shall shrined bee.
But if that enuious fates should call thee hence,
And Death with pale and meager looke vsurpe,
Vpon those rosiate lips, and Currall cheekes,
Then Ayre be turnde, to poyson to infect me,
Earth gape and swallow him that Heauens hate,
Consume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,
Or Water drowne, who else would melt in teares.
But liue, liue happy still, in safety liue,
Who safety onely to my life can giue.

Exit.

Cor. O he is gon, go hie thee after him.
My vow forbids, yet still my care is with thee,
My cries shall wake the silver Moone by night,
And with my teares I will salute the Morne.
No day shall passe with out my dayly plaints,
No houre without my prayers for thy returne.
My minde misgiues mee *Pompey* is betrayd.
O *Egypt* do not rob me of my loue.
Why beareth *Ptolomy* so sterne a looke?
O do not staine thy childish yeares with blood:
Whil' st *Pompey* florished in his Fortunes pride,
Egypt and *Ptolomy* were faine to serue
And sime for grace to my distressed Lords
But little bootes it, to record he was,
To be is onely that which Men respect,
Go poore *Cornelia* wander by the shore
And see the waters raging Billowes swell,
And beate with fury gainst the craggy rockes,
To that compare thy strong tempestuous griefe.

VVhich

The Tragedy

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,
Sorrow shuts vp the passage of thy breath:
And dries the teares that pittie faine would shed,
This onely therefore, this will I still crie,
Let *Pompey* live although *Cornelia* die.

Exit.

ACTVS I. SCENA. 6.

Enter Caesar, Cleopatra, Dolabella, Lord and others

Ces. Thy sad complaints fayre Lady cannot chuse,
But moue a heart though made of *Adamant*,
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,
I will replant thee in the *Egyptian* Throne
And all thy wrongs shall *Cesar*'s vallor right,
He pull thy crowne from the vsurpers head,
And make the Conquered *Ptolemy* to stoop,
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene.

Cleo. Looke as the Earth at her great loues approach,
When goulden tressed fayre *Hesperions* Sonne
With those life-lending beames salutes his Spouse,
Doth then cast of her moorning widdowes weeds,
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,
To cloth her in the beauty of the spring,
And of fayre primroses, and sweet violets,
To make gay Garlands for to crowne her head.
So hath your presence, welcome and fayre sight,
That glads the world, comforts poore *Egypt* Queene,
Who begs for succor of that conquering hand,
That as *Ioues* Scepter this our world doth sway.

Dolo. Who would refuse to ayde so fayre a Queene.

Lord. Base bee the mind, that for so sweet a fayre,
Would not aduenture more then *Perseus* did,
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.

Caesar. O how those louely *Tyrannizing* eyes,
The Graces beautious habitation,
Where sweet desire, darts woundring shafts of loue:
Consume my heart with inward burning heate,
Not onely *Egypt* but all *Africa*,

Will

of *Julius Caesar*.

Will I subiect to *Cleopatra*s name.

Thy rule shall stretch from vnknowne *Zanzibar*,
Vnto those Sandes where high erected poastes.
Of great *Alcides*, dovp hold his name,
The sunne burnt Indians, from the east shall bring:
Their pretious store of pure refined gould,
The laboring worne shall weaue the *Africke* twisse,
And to exceed the pompe of *Persian* Queene,
The Sea shall pay the tribute of his pearles.
For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,
Which in their curled knots, my thoughts do hold,
Thoughtes captiud to thy beauties conquering power.

Anto. I marueyle not at that which fables tell,
How rauisht *Hellen* moued the angry *Greeks*,
To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious seege,
To re-obtayne a beauty so diuine,
When I beheld thy sweete composed face.
O onely worthy for whose matchles sake,
Another seege, and new warres should arise,
Hellor be dragde about the *Grecian* campe,
And *Troy* againe consumed with *Grecian* fire.

Cleo. Great Prince, what thanks can *Cleopatra* giue,
Nought haue poore Virgins to requite such good:
My simple selfe and seruice then vouchsafe,
And let the heauens, and he that althings sees.
With equall eyes such merits recompence,
I doe not seeke ambitionly to rule,
And in proud *Africa* to monarchize.
I onely craue that what my father gaue,
Who in his last be-helt did dying, will,
That I should ioyntly with my brother raigne:

But. How sweet those words drop from those hunny lips
Which whilst she speakes they still each other kisse.

Cesa. Raigne, I, shal raigne in *Cesars* conquered thoughts,
There build thy pallace, and thy sun-bright throne:
There sway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,
Those traiterous thoughts (if any dare arise)
That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

The Third

To chase thee flying *Pompey* have I out,
The great *Indian* and *Egean* seas:
And dredeles past the royling *Hellespont*,
Famons for amorous *Leanders* death:
And now by gentle Fortunes so am blest,
As to behold what mazed thoughtes admire:
Heauens wonder, Natures and Earths Ornament,
And gaze vpon these firy sun-bright eyes:
The Heauenly spheares which Loue and Beauty mooue,
These Cheekes where Lillyes and red-roses strue,
For foueraignty, yet both do equally raigne:
The danging trelles of thy curled haire,
Nets weand to catch our frayle and wandring thoughts:
Thy beauty shining like proud *Phaebus* face,
When *Ganges* glittereth with his radiant beames
He on his goulden trapped *Palfreys* rides,
That from their nostrrels do the morning blow,
Through Heauens great path-way paud with shining
Thou art the fized pole of my Soules ioy, (starres)
Bout which my restles thoughts are ouer turn'd:
My *Cynthia*, whose glory neuer waynes,
Guyding the Tide of mine affections:
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,
Dost make my doubtfull ioyes to eb and flowe.
Cleo. Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achu'd,
That make thy farre extolled name to sound:
From sun-burnt East vnto the VWestern Iles,
VWhich great *Neptunus* fouldeth in his armes;
It shall not be the least to seat a Maide,
And inthronize her in her natue right.
Lord. VWhat neede you stand disputing on your right,
Or prouing title to the *Egyptian* Crowne:
Borne to be Queene and Empreffe of the world.
An. Oathy perfection let me euer gaze,
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,
Heere may you surfet with delicious store,
The more you see, desire to looke the more:
Vpon her face a garden of delite,

Exceeding

of Julius Caesar.

Exceeding far *Alexandria's* fained Bowre,
Heere staid white Lillies spread their branches faire,
Heere lips send forth sweete Gilly-flowers smell,
And Damask-rose in her faire cheekes do bud,
VVhile beds of Violets still come betweene
VVith fresh varyety to please the eye,
Nor neede these flowers the heate of *Phabus* beames,
They cherisht are by vertue of her eyes.

O that I might but enter in this bowre,
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower.

Ces. Now wend we Lords to *Alexandria*,
Famous for those wide wondred *Piramids*.
Whose towring tops do seeme to threat the skie,
And make it proud by presence of my loue:
Then *Paphian* Temples and *Cytherian* hills,
And sacred *Amidas* bonnet vaile to it,
A fayrer saint then *Venus* there shall dwell.

Anthe. Led with the lode-starre of her lookes, I go
As crazed Bark is toss'd in troubled Seas,
Vncertaine to ariue in wished port.

ACT. I.

FINIS.

Enter Discord.

Flashes of fire.

Anthe. Now *Caesar* hath thy flattering Fortune heapt
Those golden gffts and promis'd victories,
By fatall signes at *Rubicon* foretould:
Then triumph in thy glorious greatest pride,
And boast thou cast the lucky Die so well,
Now let the *Triton* that did sound alarme,
In his shrill trumpet sound the victory,
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.
Though *Caesar* be as great as great may be,
Yet *Pompey* once was euen as great as he,
And how he rode clad in *Serdans* spoiles:
And the *Sicilian* Pirats overthrowe.

The Tragedy

Ruling like *Neponne* in the mid-land Seas,
Who safely now by Land and Sea doth flie,
The heauenly *Reftors* profecuting wrath,
Yet *Sea* nor Land can throud him from this iar,
O how it ioyes my discord thirfting thoughts,
To fee them waight, that whilom flow'd in blisse.
To fee like *Banners*, vnlike quarrels haue.
And *Roman* weapons shethd in *Roman* blood,
For this I left the deepe Infernall shades
And past the sad *Auernus*, vgly iawes,
And in the world came I, being Discord hight,
Discord the daughter of the greesly night.
To make the world a hell of plauges and woes,
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddesses,
That so much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* spilt,
Twas I that caused the deadly *Thebans* warre,
And made the brothers swell with endlesse hate.
And now O *Rome*, woe, woe, to thee I cry
Which to the world do bring al misery.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 4.

Enter Achilles, and Sempronius.

Ach. Here are we placed by *Ptolomies* command,
To murder *Pompey* when he comes on shore,
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they selfe.
To execute the charge thou hast in hand,

Sem. I am a *Romaine*, and haue often serued,
Vnder his collours, when in former state,
Pompey hath bin the Generall of the field,
But cause I see that now the world is changd:
And like wise feele some of King *Ptolomeis* gould.
He kill him were he twenty Generalls,
And send him packing to his longest home.
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made.
Who when he should haue stabbed *Marius*,

They

of Iulius Caesar.

They say he was astonish'd with his lookes.
Marins, had I beene there, thou neere hadst liu'd,
To brag thee of thy seauen Consulships.

Achil. Brauely resolu'd, Noble *Sempronius*,
The damndst villaine that ere I heard speake:
But great men still must haue such instruments,
To bring about their purpose, which once donne,
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:
Thou shalt no lesse (stout *Romaine*) be renown'd,
For being *Pompeys* Death's-man, then was he,
That fir'd the faire *Egyptian* Goddess's Church.

Sem. Nay that's all one, report say what she list,
Tis for no shadowes I aduenture for:
Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods,
This betwene Princes doth contention bring:
Brothers this sets at odds, turnes loue to hate;
It makes the Sonne to wish his Father hang'd
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,
This hand, this sword, should rape and rip it out.

Achil. Compassion would that greedinesse restrain.

Sem. If that's my fault, I am to compassionate,
Why man, art thou a souldier and dost talke
Of womanish pity and compassion?
Mens eyes must mil-stones drop, when fooles shed teares,
But soft heeres *Pompey*, Ile about my worke

Enter Pompey.

Pom. Trusting vpon King *Ptolomeys* promis'd fayth,
And hoping succor, I am come to shore:
In *Egypt* heere a while to make aboade.

Sem. Fayth longer *Pompey* then thou dost expect.

Pom. See now worlds Monarchs, whom your state makes
That thinke your Honors to be permanent, (proud)
Of Fortunes change see heere a president,
Who whilom did command, now must intreate
And sue for that which to accept of late,
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

The Tragedy

Sem. I pray thee *Pompey* do not spend thy breath,
In reckning vp these rusty titles now,
Which thy ambition grac'd thee with before,
I must confesse thou wert my Generall,
But that cannot a vaile to saue thy life.
Talke of thy Fortune while thou list,
There is thy fortune *Pompey* in my fist.

Pom. O you that know what hight of honor meanes,
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,
Haue climd the heighest top of soueraignty.
From all that pomp to be cast hed-long downe,
You may conceaue what *Pompey* doth sustayne,
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,
But to be met with troopes of Horse and Men.
With playes and pageants to be entertaynd,
A courtly trayne in roy all rich aray,
With spangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,
Mounted on steeds, with braue Caparisons deckt,
That in their gates did seeme to scorne the Earth,
Was wont my intertaynment beautifie,
But now thy conning is in meaner sort,
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate.

Sem. What dost thou for such entertaynement looke,
Pompey how ere thy comming hether bee,
I haue provided for thy going hence.

Achi. I will draw neere, and with fayre pleasing shew,
Wellcome great *Pompey* as the *Siren* doth
The wandering shipman with her charming song.

Pom. O how it greues a noble hauty mind,
Framed vp in honors vncontrouled schoole,
To serue and sue, whoe erst did rule and sway!
What shall I goe and stoope to *Ptolomey*,
Nought to a noble mind more greife can bring.
Then be a begger where thou wert a King.

Ach. Wellcome a shore molt great and gracious prince,
Welcome to *Egipt* and to *Ptolomey*.
The King my Maister is at hand my Lord,
To gratulate your safe ariuall heere.

Sem.

of Iulius Caesar.

Sem. This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,
Which must thy comming grāulate a non,

Pom. Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,
It ioyes me much that in extremity,
I found so sure a friend as *Ptolomey*,

Sem. Now is the date of thy proud life expird,
To which my poniard must a full poynt put,

Pompey from *Ptolomey* I come to thee,
From whome a present and a giue I bring,
This is the gift and this my message is

Stab him

Pom. O Villaine thou hast slayne thy Generall,
And with thy base hand gor'd my royall heart,
Well I haue liued till to that height I came,
That all the world did tremble at my name,
My greatnesse then by fortune being enui'd;
Stabd by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.

Ach. What is he dead, then straight cut of his head,
That whilom mounted with ambitions wings:
Caesar no doubt with praise and noble thanks,
Regarding well this well deserued deede,
Whome weele present with this most pleasing gift,

Sem. Loe you my maisters, hee that kills but one,
Is straight a Villaine and a murtherer cald,
But they that vse to kill men by the great,
And thousandes slay through their ambition,
They are brave champions, and stout warriors cald,
Tis like that he that steales a rotten sheepe
That in a dish would els haue cast his hide.
He for his labour hath the hakars hier,
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath slayne.

ACTVS 3. SCENA. 2.

Enter Cornelia.

Corn. O traiterous villaines, hold your murthering hands,
Or

The Tragedy

Or if that needes they must be walke in blood,
Imbrue them heere, heere in *Cornelias* brest.
Ay mee as I stood looking from the Ship
(Accursed shippe that did not sink and drowne,
And so haue sau'd me from so los. I'd a sight)
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,
My *Pompey* deere (nor *Pompey* now nor Lord)
I sawe those villaines that but now were heere:
Bucher my loue and then with violence,
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;
What dost thou stand to play the Oratrix,
And tell a tale of thy deere husbands death?
Doth *Pompey*, doth thy loue moue thee no more?
Go cursed *Cornelia* rent thy wretched haire,
Drowne blobred cheekes in seas of salttest teares.
And if, it be true that sorrowes feeling powre,
Could turne poore *Niobe* into a weeping stone
O let mee weepe a like, and like stone be,
And you poore lights, that sawe this tragick sight,
Be blind and punnish'd with eternall night.
Vnhappy long to speake, bee neare so bould
Since that thou this so heauy tale hast could.
These are but womanish exclamations,
Light sorrowe makes such lamentations,
Pompey no words my true griefe can declare,
This for thy loue shalbe my best welfare. *Stab her selfe.*

ACT. 2.

SCE. 3.

*Enter Caesar, Cleopatra, Anthony,
Dolabella, a Lord.*

Caesar. There sterne *Acchillas* and *Fortunius* lie,
Traytorous *Sempronius* and proud *Ptolomey*,
Go plead your cause fore the angry *Rhadamant*,
And tel him why you basely *Pompey* slew.
And let your guilty blood appease his Ghost,
That now sits wandring by the *Strygian* banks.

Vnworthy

of Iulius Caesar.

Vnworthy sacrifice to quite his worth,
For *Pompey* though thou wert mine enemy,
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this strife;
Yet now in death when strife and enuy cease.
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,
Moue me to rue thy vnderferued death,
That found a greater daunger then it fled;
Vnhapy man to scape so many wars,
And to protraet thy glorious day so long,
Here for to perish in a barbarous soyle,
And end liues date stabd by a Bastards hand,
But yet with honour shalt thou be Intomb'd,
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,
And put thy ashes in an Vrne of gold,
And build with marble a deserued grave.
Whose worth indeede a Temple ought to haue.

Dala. See how compassion drawes forth Princely teares
And Vertue weepes her enemies funerall,
So sorrowed the mighty *Alexander*,
When *Bessus* hand caus'd *Darius* to die.

Ant. These greeued sorrowing Princes do with me,
Ioyntly agree in Contrariety,
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,
Our gate is discontented, heavy our lookes,
Our sorrowes all a like, but dislike cause.
Their foe is their grifes causer which my friend,
It is the losse of one that makes them wayle,
But I, that one there is a cruell one,
Do wayle and greene and vnraged mone.
Fayre beames cast forth from these dismayfull eyes,
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and sorrowes gines,
Clea. Forget sweete Prince these sad perplexed thoughts,
Withdraw thy mind in cloudy discontent,
And with *Egyptian* pleasures feed thine eyes,
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,
And Monuments that speake the workemens prayse?
He bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe,
Where he, whome all the world could not suffice;

The Tragedy

In bare six foote of Earth, intomb'd lies,
And shew thee all the cost and curious art,
Which either *Cleops* or our *Memphis* boast:
Would you command a banquet in the Court,
He bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,
Fayrer then that wherein great *Loue* doth sit,
And heaues vp boles of *Nectar* to his *Queene*,
A stately Pallace, whose fayre dole gates:
Are wrought with garnish'd Carued Iuory,
And stately pillars of pure bullion fram'd.
With Orient Pearles and Indian Stones imboist,
With golden Roofes that glister like the Sunne,
Shalbe prepar'd to entertaine my Loue:
Or wilt thou see our *Academick* Schooles,
Or heare our Priests to reason of the starres,
Hence *Plato* secht his deepe Philosophy:
And heere in Heavenly knowledg they excell.

Antho. More then most faire, another Heaven to me,
The starres where on he gaze shalbe thy face,
Thy morall deedes my sweete Philosophy,
Venus the muse whose ayde I must implore:
O let me profit in this study best,
For Beauties scholler I am now prefest.

Lord. See how this faire *Egyptian* Sorceres,
Enchantes these Noble warriors man-like mindes,
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

Cas. Most glorious *Queene*, whose cheerefull smiling
Expell these cloudes that ouer cast my minde. (words)

Cesar will ioy in *Cleopatra*'s ioy,
And thinke his fame no whit disparaged,
To change his armes, and deadly sounding drums,
For loues sweete Laies, and *Lydian* harmony,
And now hang vp these Idle instruments.
My warlike speare and vncontrouled crest:
My morall wounding sword and siluer shield,
And vnder thy sweete banners beare the brunt,
Of peacefull warres and amorous Alarmes:
Why *Mars* himselfe his bloody rage alayd,

Dallying

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Dallying in *Venus* bed hath often playd,
And great *Alcides*, when he did returne:
From *Iunos* talkes, and *Nemean* victories,
From monsters fell, and *Nemean* toyles:
Reposed himselfe in *Desamiras* armes.
Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame,
Heere the *non ultra* of my labors write,
And with these Cheekes of *Rotes*, lockes of Gold,
End my liues date, and trauayles manifould.

Dolo. How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,
From the pursuit of honours due reward,
Besides *Ciribds*, and fell *Scyllas* spight;
More dangerous *Circe* and *Calipsoes* cup,
Then pleasant gardens of *Alcionus*:
And thousand lets voluptuousnesse doth offer.

Ces. I will regard no more these murtherous spoyles,
And bloody triumphs that I lik'd of late:
But in loues pleasurea spend my wanton dayes,
Ile make thee garlandes of sweete smelling flowers,
And with faire rosall Chaplets crowne thy head,
The purple *Hyacinth* of *Phabus* Land:
Fresh *Amaranthus* that doth neuer die.
And faire *Narcissus* deere respendent shoars,
And Violets of *Daffadilles* so sweete,
Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,
Whil't I will still gaze on thy beauntious eyes,
And with Ambrosian kisses bath thy Cheekes.

Cleo. Come now faire Prince, and feast thee in our Courts
Where liberall *Ceres*, and *Lienus* fat,
Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull store,
The sparkling liquor shall ore-flow his bankes:
And *Meroe* learne to bring forth pleasant wine,
Fruitfull *Arabia*, and the furthest Ind,
Shall spend their treasures of *Spicery*,
VVith *Nardus* *Coranets* weele guird our heads:
And al the while melodious warbling notes,
Passing the seauen-fould harmony of Heavens
Shall seeme to rauish our enchanted thoughts,

The Tragedy

Thus is the feare of vnkinde *Diotomey*,
Changed by thee to feast in solity.

Antho. O how mine eares suck vp her heavenly words,
The whilst mine eyes do prey vpon her face:

Ces. Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,
This day wee spend in mirth and banqueting.

Antho. Had I Queene, *Innoes* heard-mans hundred eies,
To gaze vpon these two bright Sunnes of hirs:
Yet would they all be blinded instantly.

Ces. VVhat hath some Melancholy discontent,
Ore-come thy minde with trobled passions.

Ant. Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,
Her beauties pleasing colours would restore,
Decayed sight with fresh variety.

Lord. Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,
Cesar inuites thee to the royall feast,
That faire Queene *Cleopatra* hath prepard.

Antho. Pardon me worthy *Cesar* and you Lords,
In not attending your most gracious speech
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,
Somewhat distemperd my busy head.

Ces. Let no such thoughts distemper now thy minde,
This day to *Bacchus* will wee consecrate,
And in deepe goblets of the purest wine,
Drinke healths vnto our seuerall friends at home.

Antho. If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,
Twas that I neuer ment for to come there,
But spend my life in this sweete paradise. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 4.

Enter Cicero, Brutus, Casca, Camber, Trebonius.

Cice. Most prudent heads, that with your counsels wise,
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* sustaine,
You see how ciuill broyles haue torne our states
And priuate strife hath wrought a publique we,
Thessalia boasts that she hath seene our fall,

And

And *Rome* that whilom wont to Tiranize,
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,
Looſing her rule, to ſerue is now conſtraynd,
Pompey the hope and ſlay of Common-weale,
VVhoſe vertues promiſ'd *Rome* ſecurity
Now flies diſteſt, diſconſolate, ſorlorne,
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors ſcorne.

Ceſ. VVhat now is left for wretched *Rome* to hope,
But in lament and bitter future woe,
To wey the downefall of her ſortner pride:
Againe *Porſenna* brings in *Tarquins* names,
And *Rome* againe doth ſmoke with furibvs flames.
In *Pompeys* fall wee all are ouerthrowne,
And ſubiect made to conqueror Tiranie.

Bru. Moſt Noble *Cicero* and you *Romaine* Peeres,
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.
VVith that ſame look, that great *Arctur*s flood,
At cruell alter ſtaind with Daughters blood,
VVhen *Pompey* fled purſuing *Ceſars* ſword,
And thought to ſhun his following deſtiny.
And then began to thinke on many a friend,
And many a one recalled hce to minde:
Who in his Fortunes pride did leaue their liues,
And vow'd ſeruiſe at his princely ſeefe,
From out the reſt, the young *Egyptian* King,
VVhoſe Father of an Exile baniſh'd man
Hce ſeated had in throne of Maieſty,
Him choſe, to whome he did commit his life,
(But O, who doth remember good-turnes paſt)
The Riſing Sunne, not Setting, doth men pleaſe,
To ill committed was ſo great a truſt,
Vnto ſo baſe a Fowling fauoring minde.
For he the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,
By Treason cau'd great *Pompey* to be ſlaine:

Caſca. O damned deede,

Cam. O Trayterous Priſonery.

Tre. O moſt vnworthy and vngratefull fact.

Cum. What plagues may serue to expiate this act,
The rouling stone or euerturning wheele,
The quenchles flames of fire *Phlegeton*,
Or endles thirst of which the Poets talke,
Are all to gentle for so vild a deede.

Cas. Well did the *Cibills* vnrespected verse.
Bid thee beware of *Crocodilish Nile*,

Ter. And art thou in a barbarous soyle betrayd,
Defrawd *Pompey* of thy funerall rites,
There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearse,
None could thy Consulshipes and triumphs tell,
And in thy death let fourth thy liuing praise,
None would erect to thee a sepulcher,
Or put thine ashes in a pretious vne,

Gic. Peace Lords lament not noble *Pompeys* death,
Nor thinke him wretched, cause he wants a Tombe,
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue.
Thinke you a heape of stones could him inclose,
Whoe in the *Oceanus* circuite buried is,
And euery place where *Roman* names are heard,
The world is his graue, where liuing fame doth blaze,
His funerall praise through his immortal trump,
And are his tombe vertue and honor sits,
With rented heare and eyes bespent with teares,
And waille and weepe their deere sonne *Pompeys* death,

Bru. But now my Lords for to augment this grieft,
Cesar the *Senates* deadly enimie,
Aimes eke to vs, and meanes to triumph heere,
Vpon poore conquered *Rome* and common wealth,

Cas. This was the end at which he alwayes aynd,

Tre. Then end all hope of *Romaines* liberty,
Rise noble *Romaine*, rise from rotten Tombes,
And with your swordes recouer that againe:
With your braue prowes won, our basenes lost,

Gic. Renowned Lords content your trobled minds,
Do not ad fuell to the conquerors fier.

Which once inflamed will borne both *Rome* and vs.
Cesar although of high aspiring thoughtes,

And

of Iulius Caesar.

And vncontrould ambitious Maiefty,
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,
You see hee commeth conqueror of the East
Clad in the spoyles of the *Pharſalian* fieldes,
Then wee vnable to reſiſt ſuch powre:
By gentle peace and meeke ſubmiſſion;
Muſt ſeeke to pacify the victors wrath: *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 5.

Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Iunior.

[*Cat. Sen.* My Sonne thou ſeeſt howe all are overthrowne,
That fought their Countries free-dome to maintaine,
Egipt forſakes vs, *Pompey* found his graue,
VVhere hee moſt ſuccor did expect to haue:
Scipio is overthrowne and with his haples fall,
Africk to vs doth former ayde denay,
O who will helpe men in aduerſity:
Yet let vs ſhewe in our declining ſtate,
That ſtrength of minde, that vertues conſtancy,
That erſt we did in our felicity,
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not fayle our ſelues,
Remember boy thou art a *Romaine* borne,
And *Catoes* Sonne, of me do vertue learne;
Fortune of others, aboue althings ſee
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,
All bleſſings Fathers to their Sonnes can wiſh,
Heauens powre on thee, and now my ſonne with-drawe
Thy ſelfe a while and leaue me to my booke.

Cat. Iun. What meanes my Father by this ſolemn leaue?
Firſt he remembered me of my Fortunes change,
And then more earnestly did me exhort
To Countrie's loue, and conſtancy of minde,
Then he was wont: ſom-what the cauſe,
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare.
His ſo couragious heart that cannot beare
The thrall of *Rome* and triumph of his foe,

By.

The Tragedy

By his owne hand threats hang to his life,
How ere it be at hand I will abide,
VVaying the eild of this that shal betide.

Enter Cato Senior with a booke in his hand.

Cato Sen. Plato that promised immortality,
Doth make my soule resolute it selfe to mount,
Vnto the bowre of those Celestiall ioyes,
VVhere freed from lothed Prison of my soule,
In heavenly notes to *Phœbus* which shall sing:
And *Pæan* so, *Pæan* loudly ring.
Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolute,
But with a courage and thy liues last ast,
Now do I giue thee *Rome* my last farewell.
Who cause thou fearest ill do therefore die,
O talke not now of *Cannas* ouerthrowe,
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,
Those bloody songes of *Hilius* dismall fights
And note with black, that black and cursed day,
When *Cesar* conquered in *Pharsalia*,
Yet will not I his conquest glorifie:
My ouerthrow shall neere his triumph grace,
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,
No hand could conquer *Cato* but his owne. *Stabs himself.*

Enter Cato Junior running to him.

Ca. Jun. O this it was my minde told me before,
VVhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,
Dost thou assault, that faithfull princely hand:
And mak'st the base Earth to drinke thy Noble blood,
Bee not more sterne, and cruell' gainst thy selfe,
Then thy most hateful enemies would be,
No *Parthian*, *Gaul*, *Moore*, no not *Cesars* selfe,
VVould with such cruelty thy worth repay,
O stay thy hand, giue me thy fatal blade:
VVhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,
A brest so fraught with vertue excellent.

Ca. Sen. VVhy dost thou let me of my firme resolute,

Vnkinde

OF INIUS CAESAR.

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,
Why dost thou slay me, or wilt thou betray
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-mens hands,
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,
In thy soules kindenesse, tis thou art vnkinde.

Cat. Iuni. If for your selfe you do this life reiect,
Yet you your Sonnes and Countries: sake respect,
Rob not my yong yeares of so sweete a stay,
Nortake from *Rome* the Pillor of her strength.

Cat. Sen. Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:
But for my Country, could my life it profit,
Ile not refuse to dye that died for it,
Now doth but one smal snuffe of breath remaine:
And that to keepe, should I mine Honor staine?

Cat. Iuni. Where you do strue to shew your vertue most,
There more you do disgrace it Cowards vs,
To shun the woes and troubles of this life:
Basely to flie to deaths safe sanctuary,
When constant vertues doth the hottest brunt's,
Of griefes assaults vnto the end endure.

Ca. Seni. Thy words preuaile, come lift me vp my Son,
And call some help to binde my bleeding wounds.

Cat. Iuni. Father I go with a more willing minde,
Then did *Aeneas* when from *Trojan* fire,
He bare his Father, and did so restore:
The greatest gift hee had receiued before. *Exit.*

Cat. Seni. Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,
Which interrupted my resolued will,
Which all the world can neuer stay nor change:
Caesar whose rule commands both Sea and Land,
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,
And time succeeding shall behold that I
Although not liue, yet died courragiously. *stab himselfe.*

Enter Cato Iunior.

Ca. Iuni. O hast thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:
Because it would not beare the Conquerors insolence,

E

Vscd

The Tragedy

Vfed on it felfe this cruell violence,
I know not whether I fhould more lament,
That by thine owne hand thou thus slaughtered art,
Or loy that thou fo nobly didft depart.

Exit.

FINIS. ACTVS. 2.

Enter Discord.

Dis. Now *Cesar* rides triumphantly through *Rome*,
And deckes the Capitoll with *Pompeys* spoyle:
Ambition now doth vertues feare vsurp,
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adastria* Queene.
Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumm,
And call the snaky furies from below,
To dath the loy of their triumphing pride,
Erinnis kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,
In discontented *Brutus* boyling brest,
Let *Cesar* die a bleeding sacrifice,
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.
Why sleepest thou *Cassius*? wake thee from thy dreame:
And yet thou naught dost dreame but blood and death.
For dreadfull visions do afright thy sleepe.
And howling Ghosts with gaffly horrors cry,
By *Cassius* hand must wicked *Cesar* die,
Now *Rome* cast off thy gaudy painted robes
And cloke thy felfe in fable colored weedes,
Change thy vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,
And *Cesar* cast thy Laurell crowne apart,
And bind thy temples with sad *Cypres* tree,
Of warrs thus pence infues, of peace more harmes,
Then erst was wrought by tragick wars alarmes,

Exit.

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Cassius.

Cal. Hark how *Cesar* sings with reſounding ſhoutes,
Tell heauens of their pomps and victories,

Cesar

of Iulius Caesar.

Caesar that long in pleasures idle lap,
And dalliance wayne of his Proud Curtezan,
Had luld his sterne and bloody thoughts a sleepe;
Now in *Rome* Streets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,
And to the *Romains* shews those *Tropheyes* sad,
Which from the *Romaines* he with blood did get:
The Tyrant mounted in his goulden chayre.
Rides drawne with milke white palferies in like pride,
As *Phabus* from his Orientall gate,
Mounted vpon the firy *Phlegions* backs.
Comes praucing forth, shaking his dewie locks:
Caesar thou art in gloryes cheerefull pride,
Thy Sonne is mounted in the highest poynt:
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheele,
Her wheele must turne, thy glory must eclipse,
Thy Sonne descend and loole his radiant light,
And if none be, whose countreyes ardent loue,
And losse of *Roman* liberty can moue,
He be the man that shall this taske performe.
Cassius hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* soule,
Cassius hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,
Cassius hath vowed it, witnes Heauen and Earth, *Exit*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Dolabella, Lords, two Romaines, & others

Caesar. Now haue I shaked of these womanish linkes,
In which my captiud thoughts were chayned a fore,
By that fayre charming *Circes* wounding look,
And now like that same ten yeares trauayler,
Leauing be-hind me all my troubles past.
I come awayed with attending fame,
Who through her shrill triumph doth my name resound,
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lyguriu* *Poe*,
(Yet a sad witner of the Sunne-Gods losse,
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,
Which to the worlds end shall it bound it againe,

The Tragedy

As from *Phagiean* fields the King of Gods,
With conquering spoiles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,
When great *Typhens* fell by thundering darts,
And rod away with their Cælestiall troops,
In greatest pride through Heauens smooth paved way,
So shall the Pompeous glory of my traine,
Daring to match ould *Saturns* kingly Sonne,
Call downe these goulden lampes from the bright skie,
And leaue Heauen blind, my greatnes to admire.
This laurell garland in fayre conquest made,
Shall stayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,
Cassiopea leaue thy starry chayre,
And on my Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cesar* beare.
To Earths astonishment, and amaze of Heauen:
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy seven-sould seate,
And see the world thy subiect, at thy feete,
And *Cesar* ruling ouer all the world.

Dolo. Now let vs cease to boast of *Romulus*,
First author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,
The scourge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,
Nor of vnconquered *Paulus* dauntles minde,
Since *Casars* glory them exceedes as farre
As shining *Phebe* doth the dimmest starre.

Aut. Like as the Ship-man that hath lost the starre.
By which his doubtfull ship he did direct,
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,
So hauing lost my starr, my *Gouernesse*.
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,
In greefe I wander and in sad dismay:
And though of triumphes and of victoryes,
I do the out-ward signes and *Trophies* beare,
Yet see mine inward mind vnder that face,
Whose colours to these Triumphes is disgrace.

Lord. As when from vanquished *Macedonia*,
Triumphing ore King *Persins* overthrow,

Conquering

of *Julius Caesar*.

Conquering *Æmilius*, in great glory came.
Shewing the worlds spoyle which he had bereft,
From the successors of great *Alexander*,
With such high pomp, yea greater victories,
Caesar triumphing comes into fayre *Rome*,

1. *Rom*. In this one Champion all is comprehended,
Which ancient times in severall men commended,
Alcides strength, *Achilles* untles heart,
Great *Phillips* Sonne by magnanimity.
Sterne *Pyrrhus* vallour, and great *Hectors* might,
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,
Brought forth in that same ten years *Troians* warre.

3. *Rom*. Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.
Thou mighty seate of consuls and of Kings:
Over-victorious now Earths Conquerer,
Welcome thy valiant sonne that to thee brings,
Spoyle of the world, and exquies of Kings.
Caesar, The conquering Issue of immortall *Ioue*,
Which in the *Persian* spoyle first fetch his fame.
Then through *Hydaspis*, and the *Caspian* waues,
Vnto the sea vnkowne his praise did propagate,
Must to my glory vayle his conquering crest:
The *Lybick* Sands, and *Africk* *Sirts* hee past.
Bactrians and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,
Whereby his armes resistles, powers subdued,
And *Ganges* streames congeald with *Indian* blood,
Could not transept his burthen to the sea.
But these nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,
Nor tost these bloody bals, of dread and death:
Arar and proud *Savanna* speaks my praise,
Rohdani shrill *Tritoni* through their brassen trumpes,
Ecco my fame against the *Gallian* Towers,
And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*.
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad,
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* stout,
Which well haue learned to tolle a tusked speare,
And well can curbe a noble stomackt horse,
Can *Caesars* vallour witnes to their greefe

Inba

The Tragedy

*In*ba the mighty *Affrick* Potentate,
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horse,
Hath felt the puissance of a *Roman* sword.
I entred *Asia* with my banners spread,
Displayed the *Egle* on the *Euxin* sea:
By *Iason* first, and ventrous *Argo* cut,
And in the rough *Cimerian Bosphorus*
A heavy witness of *Pharnaces* flight,
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,
V With greater glory then ere *Romaine* did. *Exeunt.*
Sound drums and Trumpets anaine.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. Alas these triumphes mooue not me at all,
But only do renew remembrance sad,
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,
V Which is the Saint and Idoll of my thoughtes:
First was I wounded by her percing eye:
Next prisoner tane by her captiuing speech,
And now shee triumphes ore my conquered heart,
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:
Cesars lip-loue, that neuer touch'd his heart,
By present triumph and the absent fire,
Is now waxt cold; but mine that was more deepe,
Ingrauen in the marble of my brest,
Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

Enter Antonies bonus genius.

Gen. Anthony, base femall *Anthony*,
Thou womans souldiar, fit for nights assaults,
Hast thou so soone forgot the discipline,
And wilsome taskes thy youth was trayned to,
Thy soft downe Pillow, was a helme of Steele:
The could damp earth, a bed to ease thy toyle,
Afrighted slumbers were thy golden sleepes:
Hunger and thirst thy sweetest delicates,
Sterne horror, gallly woundes, pale greefly death:
Thy winde deprelling pleasures and delights,

And

And now so soone hath on enchanted face,
These manly labours luid in drowfy sleepe:
The Gods (whose messenger I heere do stand)
Will not then drowne thy fame in Idlenesse:
Yet must *Philippi* see thy high exploytes,
And all the world ring of thy Victories.

Antho. Say what thou art, that in this dreadful sort
Forbidd'st me of my *Cleopatras* loue.

Gen. I am thy *benus Genius, Anthony*,
VVhich to thy dulcetes this do prophecy:
That fatall fate which now doth so bewitch thee,
Like to that vaine vnconstant Greekish dame,
VVhich made the stately *Ilian* towres to smoke,
Shall thousand bleeding *Romains* lay one ground:
Hymen in fable not in saferon robes,
Instead of roundes shall dolefull dirges singe,
For nuptiall tapers, shall the furies beare,
Blew-burning torches to increase your feare:
The bride-grooms scull shal make the bridal bondes:
And hel-borne hags shall dance an Antick round,
VVhile *Hecate Hymen* (heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,
And now methinkes I see the seas blew face:
Hidden with shippes, and now the trumpets sound,
And weake *Canopus* with the *Egle* strives,
Nephtune amazed at this dreadfull sight,
Cals blew sea Gods for to behold the sight,
Glaucus and *Panopea*, *Proteus*ould,
VVho now for feate changeth his wonted shape,
Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne:
In idle sport shall end with bloud and shame. *Exit.*
Antho. VVhat wast my *Genius* that mee threatned thus?
They say that from our birth he doth preferue:
And on mee will he powre these miseries?
VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,
VVhat shames did he to my lones prophesie?
O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,
From his great Father *Ioue*, & *Anchises* sonne
To warne him leaue the wanton dalliance,

And

And charming pleasures of the *Tyrian* Court,
Then wake the *Anthony* from this idle dreame,
Cast of these base effeminate passions:
Which melt the courage of thy manlike minde;
And with thy sword receiue thy sleeping praise. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SC. 3.

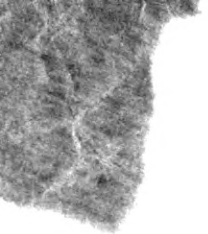
Enter Brutus.

Brut. How long in base ignoble patience,
Shall I behold my Countries wofull fall,
O you braue *Remains*, and among'st the rest
Most Noble *Brutus*, faire befall your soules;
Let Peace and Fame your Honored graues awaite;
Who through such perils, and such tedious warres,
Won your great labors price sweete liberty,
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,
And did no sooner Men, then free-men, breath:
To loose it now continuing so long,
And with such lawes, such vowes, such othes confirm'd
Can nothing but disgrace and shame expect:
But soft what see I written on my seate,
O vtinam Brutus viueres.
What meaneth this, thy courage dead,
But stay, reade forward, *Brutus mortuus es.*
I thou art dead indeed, thy courage dead
Thy care and loue thy dearest Country dead,
Thy wented spirit and Noble stomack dead.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. The times drawe neere by gracious heauens
When *Philips* Sonne must fall in *Babilon*, (aflignd)
In his triumphing proud presumption:
But see where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,
Whose minde is hammering on no meane conceits:
Then sound him *Cassius*, see how hee is inclined,
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering state,
Brut. Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

His



His Countries wrackes and cannot succor bring.

Cass. But will *Brute* alwaies in this dreame remaine,
And not bee mooued with his Countries mone.

Brut. O that I might in *Lethes* endles sleepe,
And neere awaking pleasant rest of death
Close vp mine eyes, that I no more might see,
Poore *Romes* distresse and Countries misery.

Cass. No *Brutus* liue, and wake thy sleepey minde,
Stirre vp those dying sparkes of honors fire,
VWhich in thy gentle breast weare wont to flame:
See how poore *Rome* oppress'd with Countries wronges,
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,
Thy kin(-mans soule from heauen commandes thine aide:
That lastly must by thee receiue his end,
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,
Or liue renown'd by ending *Caesars* life.

Brut. I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,
And not bee mooued with her pitious mone,
Brutus thy soule shall neuer more complaine:
That from thy linage and most vertuous stock,
A bastard weake degenerat branch is borne,
For to distaine the honor of thy house.
No more shall now the *Romains* call me dead,
Ile liue againe and rowze my sleepey thoughts:
And with the Tirants death begin this life.

Rome now I come to reare thy states decayed,
VWhen or this hand shall cure thy fatall wound,
Or else this heart by bleeding on the ground.

Cass. Now heauen I see applaudes this enterprife,
And *Rhadamanth* into the fatall Vrne,
That lotheth death, hath thrust the Tirants name,
Caesar the life that thou in blood hast led:
Shall heape a bloody vengeance on thine head. *Exeunt.*

F

ACT.

106 *tragedy*
ACT. 2. SCE. 7.

Enter Caesar, Antonius, Dolabella, Lords, and others.

Ces. Now servile *Parthia* proud in *Romaine* spoile,
Shall pay her rancome vnto *Caesar* Ghost:
Which vntreunged roues by the *Stygian* strand,
Exclaiming on our sluggish negligence.
Lead: to lament brane *Romans*, loe I come,
Lead to the God of battell, mad with rage,
To die their riuers with vermillion red:
He fill *Armenians* playnes and *Medians* hills,
With carcases of battard *Scythian* broode;
And there proud Princes will I bring to *Rome*,
Chained in fetters to my chariot wheels:
Desire of fame and hope of sweete reueng,
Which in my brest hath kindled such a flame,
As nor *Euphrates*, nor sweet *Tyber* streame,
Can quench or slack this feruent boyling heate:
These conquering souldiers that haue followed me,
From vanquish'd *France* to sun-burnt *Assir*,
Matching the best of *Alexanders* troopes,
Shall with their lookes put *Parthian* foes to flight,
And make them twise turne their deceitfull lookes,
Ant. The restless mind that harbors sorrowing thoughts,
And is with child of noble enterprise,
Doth neuer cease from honors toilesome task,
Till it brings forth Eternall gloryes broode.
So you fayre braunch of vertues great descent,
Now hauing finish'd Ciuill warres sad broyles,
Intend by *Parthian* triumphes to enlarge,
Your contries limits, and your owne renowne,
But cause in *Sibilles* ciuill writs we finde,
None but a King that conquest can achieve,
Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,
And as auspicious signes of victorie.
Wee here present you with this *Diadem*,
Lord. And euen as kings were banish'd *Rome* high throne
Cause

of Iulius Caesar. ~

Cause their base vice, her honour did destayne,
So to your rule doth shee submit her selfe,
That her renowne there by might brighter shine,
Caesar. Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions spur.

That pricketh *Caesar* to these high attempts,
Or hope of Crownes, or thought of *Diadems*,
That made me wade through honours perilous deepe,
Vertue vnto it selfe a shure reward,
My labours all shall haue a pleasing doome,
If you but Iudge I will deserue of *Rome*:
Did those old *Romaines* suffer so much ill?
Such tedious seeges, such enduring warres
Tarquinius hates, and great *Porfennas* threats,
To banish proude imperious tyrants rule?
And shall my euerdaring thoughts contend
To marre what they haue brought to happy end:
Or thinke you cause my Fortune hath expeld,
My friends, come let vs march in iolity,
He triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,
Or end my conquests with my cuntryes spoyles,

Dolo. O noble Princely resolution.
These or not victoryes that we so call,
That onely blood and murtherous spoyles can vaunt:
But this shalbe thy victory braue Prince,
That thou hast conquered thy owne climbing thoughts,
And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,
And this no lesse inblazon shall thy fame.
Then those great deeds and chiuallrous attempts,
That made thee conqueror in *Theſſalia*.

Ant. This noble mind and Princely modesty,
Which in contempt of honours brightnes shines,
Makes vs to wish the more for such a Prince,
Whose vertue not ambition won that praise,
Nor shall we thinke it losse of liberty.
Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,
For to subiect vs to his Princely rule,
Whose thoughts sayre vertue and true honor guides
Vouchsafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

The Tragedy

A gift not equall to thy dignity.

Ces. Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,
An odious name vnto the *Romaine* eare,
Cesar I am, and wilbe *Cesar* still,
No other title shall my Fortunes grace:
Which I will make a name of higher state
Then Monarch, King or worldes great Potentate.
Of *Ioue* in Heauen, shall ruled bee the skie,
The Earth of *Cesar*, with like Maiesty.
This is the Scepter that my crowne shall beare,
And this the golden diadem Ile weare,
A farre more rich and royall ornament,
Then all the Crownes that the proud *Persian* gaue:
Forward my Lordes let Trumpets sound our march,
And drums strike vp Reuenges sad alarms,
Parthia we come with like incensed heate,
As great *Atrides* with the angry Greekes,
Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

ACT. 3. SC. 5.

Enter Cassius, Brutus, Trebonius, Cumber, Casca.

Tre. Braue Lords whose forward resolution,
Shewes you descended from true *Romaine* line,
See how old *Rome* in winter of her age,
Reioyseth in such Princely budding hopes,
No lesse then once she in *Decius* vertue did,
Or great *Camillus* bringing back of spoyles.
On then braue Lords of this attempt begun,
The sacred Senate doth commend the deede:
Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,
Vertue her selfe makes warrant of the deed,
Then Noble *Romains* as you have begun:
Neuer desist vntill this deede be done.

Cass. To thee Reueng doth *Cassius* kneele him downe.
Thou that brings quiet to perplexed soules,
And borne in Hell, yet harborest heauens ioyes,

Whose

of Iulius Caesar.

Whose fauor slaughter is, and dandling death,
Bloud-thirsty pleasures and misboding blisse:
Brought forth of Fury, nurse of cankered Hate,
To drowne in woe the pleasures of the world.
Thou shalt no more in dusky *Erebus*:
And darksome hell obscure thy Deity,
Insteede of *Ioue* thou shalt my Godesse bee,
To thee faire Temples *Cassius* will erect:
And on thine alter built of *Parian* stone
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.
Laugh gentle Godesse on my bould attempt,
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:
Bee wrapt in wrinkles of thy murdering spoyles.

Brut. An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,
An other *Brutus* liues to act the deede:
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,
All *Rome* is stayn'd with his vnru'd desires,
Shee whose imperiall scepter was invr'd:
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,
Cannot abate the glory of her state,
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud desires:
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowes to thee,
To loose his life or else to set thee free.

Cas. Shame bee his share that doth his life so prize,
That to *Romes* weale it would not sacrifice,
My Poniardes point shall pearce his heart as deepe,
As earst his sworde *Romes* bleeding side did goare:
And change his garments to the purple die,
With which our bloud had staynd sad *Thessaly*.

Cam. Hee doth refuse the title of a King,
But wee do see hee doth vsurp the thing.

Tre. Our ancient freedome hee empeacheth more,
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.

Cas. The Senators by him are quite disgrac'd,
Rome, Romans, Citty, Freedome, all defac'd.

Cass. We come not Lords, as vnresolved men,
For to shewe causes of the deed decreed,
This shall dispute for mee and tell him why,

This

The Tragedy

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:
If it be true that furies quench-les thirst,
Is pleas'd with quaffing of ambitious blood,
Then all you deuills whet my Poniards point,
And I wil broach you a bloud-sucking heart:
Which full of blood, must bloud store to you yeeld,
Were it a peece to flint or marble stone:
Why so it is for *Casars* heart's a stone.
Els would bee mooued with my Countries mone,
They say you furies instigate mens mindes,
And push their armes to finnish bloody deedes:
Prick then mine Elbo: goade my bloody hand,
That it may goare *Casars* ambitious heart. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 6.

Enter Caesar, Calphurnia.

Ces. Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?
Shall bug-beares feare *Casars* vndaunted heart,
Whome *Pompeys* Fortune neuer could amaze,
Nor the *French* horse, nor *Mauritanian* boe,
And now shall vaine illusions mee affright:
Or shadowes daunt, whom substance could not quell?

Calphur. O dearest *Caesar*, hast thou seene thy selfe,
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee seene?)
Torne, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-slaughtered, Slaine,
O thou thy selfe, wouldst then haue dread thy selfe:
And feard to thrust thy life to dangers mouth.

Ces. There you bewray the folly of your dreame,
For I am well alive, vncaught, vntoucht.

Calphur. T'was in the Senate-house I sawe thee so,
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.

Ces. The Senate is a place of peace, not death,
But these were but deluding visions.

Calphur. O do not set so little by the heauens,
Dreames ar diuine, men say they come from *Ioue*,
Beware betimes, and bee not wise to late:

Mens

of Iulius Caesar.

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate.

Ces. Weepe not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldest not haue to hap
It will distaine mine honor wonne in fight
To say a womans dreame could me affright.

Cal. O *Caesar* no dishonour canst thou get,
In seeking to preuent vnlucky chance:
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,
Bec thou in this perswaded by thy wife:
No vallour bids thee cast away thy life,

Ces. Tis dastard cowardize and childish feare,
To dread those dangers that do not appeare:

Cal. Thou must sad chance by fore-cast, wise resist,
Or being done say boote-les had I wist.

Ces. But for to feare wher's no suspicion,
Will to my greatnesse be derision.

Cal. There lurkes an adder in the greenest grasse,
Daungers of purpose alwayes hide their face:

Ces. Perswade no more *Caesar's* resolu'd to go.

Cal. The Heauens resolueth that hee may safe returne,
For if ought happen to my loue but well:
His danger shalbe doubled with my death.

Exit.

Enter Augur.

Augur. I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.

Ces. What hast thou sacrific'd, as custome is,
Before wee enter in the Senat-house.

Augur. O stay those steps that leade thee to thy death,
The angry heauens with threathing dire aspect,
Boding nufchance, and balfull massacres,
Menace the ouerthrowe of *Caesar's* powre:
Saturne sits frowning on the God of Warre,
V Who in their sad coniunction do conspire,
Vniting both their balefull influences,
To heape mischance, and danger to thy life:
The Sacrificing beast is heart-les found:
Sad ghastly sightes, and rayfed Ghostes appeare,
Which fill the silent woods, with groning cries:
The hoarse Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,
And calls the balefull Owle, and howling Doge,

To

To make a comfort. In whose sad song is this,
Neere is the ouerthrow of *Cesar's* blisse. *Exit.*

Cesar. The world is set to fray mee from my wits,
Heers harteles Sacrifice and visions,
Howlinge and cryes, and gasly grones of Ghosts,
Soft *Cesar* do not make a mockery,
Of these Prodigious signes sent from the Heauens.
Calphurnias Dre ame lumping which *Augurs* words,
Shew (if thou markest it *Cesar*) cause to feare:
This day the Senate there shalbe dissolued,
And Ile returne to my *Calphurnia* home, *One giues him*
What hast thou heare that thou presents vs with, *a paper.*

Pre. A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.
Which loue to you and hate of such a deed,
Makes me reueale vnto your excellence. *Cesar laughs.*
Smilest thou, or think'st thou it some ilde toy,
Thout frowne a non to read so many names.
That haue conspired and sworne thy bloody death, *Exit.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Now must I come, and with close subtile girdes,
Deceau the prey that Ile deuoure anon.
My Lord the Sacred Senate doth expect,
Your royall presence in *Pompeius* court:

Cesar. *Cassius* they tell me that some daungers nigh.
And death pretended in the Senate house.

Cassi. What danger or what wrong can be,
Where harmeles grautie and vertue sits,
Tis past all daunger present death it is,
Nor is it wrong to render due desert.
To feare the Senators without a cause,
Will bee a cause why theile be to be feared,

Cesa. The Senate stayes for me in *Pompeys* court,
And *Cesars* heere, and dares not goe to them,
Pacce hence all dread of danger and of death,
What must be, must be; *Cesars* prest for all,

Cassi. Now haue I sent him headlong to his ende,
Vengance and death awayting at his heeles,
Cesar thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which

of Iulius Caesar.

Which by my Poniard must bee cut in twaine,
Thy chaire of state now turn'd is to thy Beere,
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding sheetes
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearse,
And *Pompey's* Court, thy dreadfull graue shalbe.

Senators crie all at once.

Omnes. Hold downe the Tyrant stab him to the death:

Casi. Now doth the musick play and this the song
That *Cassius* heart hath thirsted for so long:
And now my Poniard in this mazing sound,
Must strike that touch that must his life confound.
Stab on, stab on, thus should your Poniards play,
Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay.

stab him.

Buco. *Bucolian* sends thee this.

stab him.

Cum. And *Cumber* this.

stab him.

Caf. Take this frō *Casca* for to quite *Romes* wronges.

Cef. Why murderous villaines know you whō you strike,
Tis *Cesar*, *Cesar*, whom your Poniards pierce:

Cesar whose name might well afright such slaues:

O Heauens that see and hate this haynous guilt,

And thou Immortall Ioue that Idle holdest

Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,

Why stay'st thy dreadfull doome, and dost with-hold,

Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death:

But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,

Then blackest hell and *Pluto* bee thou iudge:

You greessly daughters of the cheereles night,

Whose hearts, nor praier nor pittie, ere could lend,

Leaue the black dungeon of your *Chaos* deepe:

Come and with flaming brandes into the world,

Reuenge, and death, bringe seated in yout eyes:

And plauge these villaynes for their trecheries.

Enter Brutus.

Brn. I haue held *Anthony* with a vaine discourse,

The whilst the deed's in execution,

But liues hee still, yet doth the Tyrant breathe:

Chaling Heauens with his blasphemies,

Heere *Brutus* maketh a passage for thy Soule,

The Tragedy

To plead thy cause for them whose ayde thou crauest,

Ces. What *Brutus* to? nay nay, then let me die,
Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude,

Brut. I bloody *Cesar*, *Cesar*, *Brutus* too;
Doth geue thee this, and this to quite *Romes* wrongs,

Cassius. O had the Tyrant had as many liues,
As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna lake*,

That heere I still might stab and stabbing kill,
Till that more liues might bee extinguished,

Then his ambition, *Romanes* Slaughtered.

Tre. How heauens haue iultly on the authors head,
Returnd the guiltles blood which he hath shed,

And *Pompey*, he who caused thy Tragedy,

Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

Enter Anthony.

Anth. What cries of death resound within my eares,

Whome I doe see great *Cesar* butchered thus?

What said I great? I *Cesar* thou wast great,

But O that greatnes was that brought thy death:

O vniust Heauens, (if Heauens at all there be)

Since vertues wronges makes question of your powers,

How could your starry eyes this shame behold,

How could the sunne see this and not eclipse?

Fayre bud of fame: ill cropt before thy time:

What *Hyrcan* tygar, or wild sauage bore,

(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was)

Durst do so vile and execrate a deede,

Could not those eyes so full of maiesty,

Nor priesthood (o not thus to bee prophand)

Nor yet the reuerence to this sacred place,

Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden tounge,

Nor name made famous through im mortall merit,

Deer those murtherers from so vild a deede?

Sweete friend accept these obsequies of mine,

Which heere with teares I doe vnto thy heart,

And thou being placed among the shining stars,

Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reueng

I will inflict vpon the murderers, *Exit with Caesar in his
armes.*

FINIS. A&. 3.

Enter Discord.

Dis. Brutus thou hast what long desire hath sought,
Caesar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,
Thou art the author of *Rome*s liberty,
Proud in thy murdering hand and b'oodie knife.
Yet thinke *Octavian* and *Herne Anthony*,
Cannot let passe this murther vnreuedged,
The *Thessalia* once againe must see your blood,
And *Romane* drommes must strike vp new a larmes;
Hark how *Bellona* shakes her angry lances
And enuie clothed in her crimson weed,
Me thinkes I see the fiery shields to clasp,
Eagle gainst Eagle, *Rome* gainst *Rome* to fight,
Phillip, *Caesar*, quittance must thy wronges,
Whereas that hand shall stab that trayterous heart.
That durst encourage it to worke thy death,
Thus from thine albes *Caesar* doth arise
As from *Medus* haples scattered teeth:
New flames of war, and new outrageous broyles,
Now smile *Amazons* that euen in thy top,
*Rome*s victory and pride shalbe entombd,
And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth,
Shall with their swords come there to dig their graues.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 1.

Enter Octavian.

Oct. Mourne gentle Heauens for you haue lost your ioy.
Mourne greued earth thy ornament is gon,
Mourne *Rome* in great thy Father is deceased:
Mourne thou *Octavian*, thou it is must mourne,
Mourne for thy Vncle who is dead and gon.

G

Mourne

The Tragedy

Mourne for thy Father to vngently slaine,
Mourne for thy Friend whome thy mishap hath lost,
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy mone,
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.
But heere I vow these blacke and sable weeds,
The outward signes of inward heauines,
Shall changed be ere long to crimson hew,
And this soft raiment to a coate of Steele,
Cesar, no more I heare the mornefull songs.
The tagick pomp of his sad exequies,
And deadly burning torches are at hand,
I must accompany the mornefull troope:
And sacrifice my teares to the Gods below.

Exit.

Enter Cesars Hearse Calphurnia Octavian, Anthony,

Cicero, Dolabella, two Romaynes, mourners.

Calp. Set downe the hearse and let *Calphurnia* weepe,
Weepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teares:
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,
Thou whilest thou liuedst was *Calphurnias* ioye,
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:
Here doth my care and comfort resting lie:
Let them accompany thy mournesfull hearse.

Cice. This is the hearse of vertue and renowne,
Here strowe red roses and sweete violets:
And lawrell garlands far to crowne his fame,
The Princely weede of mighty conquerors:
These worthles obsequies poore *Rome* bestowes,
Vpon thy sacred ashes and deare hearse.

1. Rom. And as a token of thy liuing praise,
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,
Which witneseth thy name shall neuer die:
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,
For on thy tombe shall still engrauen be,
Thy losse, her griefe, thy deathes, her pittying thee,

Dole. Vnwillling do I come to pay this debt,
Though not vnwillling for to crowne desert,
O how much rather had I this bestowed,
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

When

of Iulius Caesar.

When living vertue did require such meede,
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,
Lord, Those wreaths that in thy life our conquests crowned
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,
Now in thy death do serue thy hearse to adorne,
For *Caesars* living vertues to bee crowned,
Not to be wept as buried vnder ground,

2. Re, Thou whilst thou liuedst wast faire vertues flowre
Crowned with eternall honor and renowne,
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,
(The cheefest vertues of our mother earth,)
Doth giue to gratulate thy noble hearse,
Let then they soule diuine vouchsafe to take,
These worthles obsequies our loue doth make.

Calp. All that I am is but despaire and greefe,
This all I giue to Celebrate thy death,
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,
Do you expect? *Calphurnia* giues her selfe.

Ant. You that to *Caesar* iustly did decree
Honors diuine and sacred reuerence:
And oft him grae'd with titles well deserued,
Of Countries Father, stay of Common wealth,
And that which neuer any bare before,
Inviolat, Holy, Consecrate, Vnucht,
Doe see this friend of *Rome*, this Contryes Father,
This Sonne of lasting fame and endles praise,
And in a mortall trunk, immortall vertue
Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beast,
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides:
Recounte those deedes, and see what he hath don,
Subdued those nations which three hundred yeares
Remaynd vnconquered; full afflicting *Rome*,
And recompensed the frye Capitoll,
With many Citties vnto ashes burnt:
And this reward, these thanks you render him:
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues,
By you this slaughtered body bleedes againe,
Which oft for you hath bled in fearefull fight.

The Tragedy

Sweete woundes in which I see distressed Rome,
From her pear'd sides to powre forth streamer of blood,
Be you a witness of my sad Soules griefe:
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,
Not such as vs from womanish eyes proceede.

Olla. And were the deede most worthy and vnblamed,
Yet you vnworthely did do the same:
Who being partakers with his enemies,
By *Caesar* all were saued from death and harme,
And for the punishment you should haue had,
You were prefer'd to Princely dignities:
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,
Thus thanks-les men hee did pre'erre of nought,
That by their hands his murthier might be wrought.

All at once except Anthony and Ocellian.

Omnes. Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murthierers.

Anthe. Braue Lords this worthy resolution shewes,
Your deereft loue, and great affection
VVhich to this slaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,
And may like bloody chance befall my life:
If I be slack for to reuenge his death.

Olla. No on my Lords, this body lets inter:
Amongst the monuments of *Roman* Kinges,
And build a Temple to his memory:
Honoring therein his sacred Deity.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. 4

SC. 2.

Enter Cassius, and Brutus with an army.

Cass. Now *Remains* proud foe, worlds common enemy,
In his greatest hight and chiefeft lollitic,
In the Sacred Senate-house is done to death:
Euen as the Consecrated Oxe which soundes,
At hornie alters, in his dying pride:
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,
Stands proudly wayting for the hasted stroke:
Till hee amazed with the dismall sound,

Falls.

of Iulius Caesar.

Falls to the Earth and stains the holy ground,
The spoyles and riches of the conquered world,
Are now but idle Trophies of his tomb:
His laurell garlandes do but Crowne his chaire,
His sling, his shilde, and fatall bloody spere,
VVhich hee in battell oft 'gainst Rome did beare,
Now serue for nought but rusty monuments.

Brn. So *Romulus* when proud ambition,
His former vertue and renowne had stayned:
Did by the Senators receiue his end,
But lost what boades *Tullius* hasting speede;

Enter Titinius.

Titin. The frantike people and impatient,
By *Antonyes* exhorting to reuenge:
Runne madding throw the bloody streetes of Rome,
Crying Reuenge, and murdering they goe,
All those that caused *Caesars* ouerthrowe:

Cassi. The waivering people pytiyng *Caesars* death,
Do rage at vs, who fore to winne their weale:
Spare not the danger of our dearest liues,
But since no safety Rome for vs afforde:
Brutus weell hast vs to our Provinces,
Iinto *Syre*, thou into *Macedon*,
Where wee will muster vp such hardall bandes,
As shall afright our following enemies.

Brn. In *Thessaly* weele meete the Enemy,
And in that ground distaynd with *Pompeys* blood,
And fruitfull made with *Romane* massaker,
VVeele either sacrifice our guilty foe,
To appease the furies of these howling Ghostes,
That wander restles through the sliemy ground
Or else that *Thessaly* bee a common Tombe:

To bury those that fight to infranchise Rome.

Titin. Brauely resolu'd, I see yong *Brutus* minde,
Strengthened with forces of vertues sacred rule,
Contemneith death, and holdes proud chance in scorne.

Brn. I that before fear'd not to do the deede,
Shall neuer now repent it being done,

No.

The Tragedy

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman* Lord,
Whose faith brought death yet with immortall fame,
I kille thee hand for doing such a deepe:
And thanke my heart for this so Noble thought,
And blesse the Heauens for fauoring my attempts:
For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beest not free,
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deepe,
This acceptable deepe to Heauens and *Rome*,
So lets continue in our high resolute:
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,
So lets persist, vntill our liues bee done.

Cassi. Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,
Collected from our feuerall Prouinces,
Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering armes,
Brutus thou hast commanded the *Illirian* bandes:
The feared *Celts* and *Lusitanian* horse,
Parthenians proud, and *Thracians* borne in warre:
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old actes,
With all the flowre of Louely *Thessaly*,
Vnder my warlike collours there shall march:
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,
The warlike *Mede*, and the *Arabian* Boe,
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:
Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in *Greece*,
And all the *Costers* on the *Mirapont*.

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Casars Ghost.

Gho. Out of the horror of those shady vaultes,
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwell,
My restless soule comes heere to tell his wronges.
Haile to thy walles, thou pride of all the world,
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My

My seat of mounting honour was erected,
 And my proud throne that seem'd to check the heavens;
 But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,
 With these associates of my ouerthrow,
 Here ancient *Assur* and proud *Belus* lyes,
Ninus the first that sought a Monarches name.
Atrides fierce with the *Aeacides*,
 The Greeke *Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,
 Blood-thirsting *Cyrus* and the conquering youth:
 That sought to fetch his pedigree from Heauen,
 Sterne *Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,
 The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,
Alcides and the stout, *Carthagian* Lord,
 The fatall enemy to the Roman name.
 Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marins*,
 And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,
 I am the last not least of the same crue,
 Looke on my deeds and say what *Cesar* was,
Theffalia, *Egipt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,
Spayne *Brittaine*, *Almany* and *France*,
 So many a bloody tryall of my worth.
 But why doe I my glory thus restraine,
 When all the world was but a Charyot,
 Wherein I rode Triumphant in my pride?
 But what auylesthis tale of what I was?
 Since in my cheifest hight *Brutus* base haue
 With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,
 Giue me my sword and shild Ile be Reueng'd,
 My mortall wounding speare and goulden Crest.
 I will dishorse my foemen in the field,
 Alasse poore *Cesar* thou a shadow art,
 An ayery substance wanting force and might,
 Then will I goe and crie vpon the world,
 Exclaime on *Anthony* and *Octavian*,
 Which seeke through discord and discensions broyle,
 T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,
 And leaue to execute my iust reuenge,

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets sound,
O how this fight my greued soule doth wound,

*Enter Anthony, at on dore, Octavian at
another with Souldiers.*

Anth. Now martiall friends competitors in armes,
You that will follow *Anthony* to fight,
Whome stately *Rome* hath oft her Consull seene,
Gra'd with eternall trophes of renowne,
With *Libian* triumphes and *Libertian* spoyles,
Who scorns to haue his honour now distaind,
Or credit blemisht by a Boyes disgrace,
Prepare your daundes stomakes to the fight,
Where without striking you shall ouer come.

Octa. Fellowes in war-faire which haue often serued,
Vnder great *Cesar* my disceased sier,
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient:
That will not brooke that any *Roman* Lord,
Should iniure mighty *Julius Cæsars* sonne,
Recall your wonted valour and these hearts,
That neuer entertaynd Ignoble thoughts,
And make my first warre-faire and fortunates.

Ant. Strike vp drums, and let your banners flie,
Thus will we set vpon the enemy.

Gho. Cease drums to strike, and fould your banners,
Wake not *Belona* with your trumpets Clange,
Nor call vnwilling *Mars* vnto the field,
See *Romaines*, see my wounds not yet clos'd vp,
The bleeding monuments of *Cæsars* wronges,
Haue you so soone for got my life and death?
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp,
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,
My life admir'd and wondred at of men?
My death which seem'd vnworthy to the Gods,
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,
My death now begges one gift, a iust reueng.

Ant. A Chilly cowl'd possessech all my loyntes,

And

And pale wan feare doth cease my fainting heart;

Otho. O see how terrible my Fathers lookes?

My haire stands stiffe to see his greisly hue:

Alasse I deare not looke him in the face,

And words do cleaue to my benumbed Iawes. (downe

Gho. For shame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons

Sonne sheath thy sword, not now for to be drawne,

Brutus must feele the heavy stroke thereof:

But if that needes you will into the field,

And that warrs enuie pricks your forward hate.

To slacke your fury with each others blood,

Then forward on to your prepared deaths

Let sad *Allecto* sound her fearefull trump,

Reueng a rise in lothsome fable weedes,

Light-shining Treasons and vnquenced Hates,

Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke child,) -

Let sterne *Megara* on her thundering drumme,

Play gastly musicke to comfort your deathes.

Banner to banner, foote gainst foote opold,

Sword against sword, shild gainst shild, and life to life,

Let death goe raging through your armed ranks,

And load himselfe with heapes of murdered men,

And let Heauens iustice send you all to Hell,

Anth. Shamst thou not *Anthony* to draw thy sword,

On *Cesars* Sonne, for rude rash youth full brawles,

And dost let passe their treason vnrevenged,

That *Cesars* life and glory both did end,

Otho. Shame of my selfe, and this intended fight,

Doth make me feare t' approach his dreadfull sight:

Forgiue my slacknes to reuenge thy wronges,

Pardon my youth that rashly was mislead,

Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed,

Gho. Then ioyne your hands and heere let battle cease,

Chang feare to loy, and warre to smooth-fac't Peace.

Oth. Then Father heere in sight of Heauen and thee,

I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony*,

Ant. Take likewise mine, the hand that once was vowd,

The Tragedy

To bee imbrued in thy luke-warme bloud,
VVhich now shall strike in yong *Othauian* rights.

Gho. Now sweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,
All Gods and powers you do adore and serue:
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,
Whose trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue shed.

Anth. Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,
Brought thee braue *Troian* to old *Latium*,
And great *Quirinus* placed now in Heauen:
By the *Gradinus* that with shield of Brasse,
Defendest *Rome*, by the ouerburning flames
Of *Vesta* and *Carpeian* Towers of *Ioue*,
Vowes *Anthony* to quite thy worthy death,
Or in performance loose his vitall breath.

Olla. The like *Othauian* vowes to Heauen and thee.

Gho. Then go braue warriors with successfull hap,
Fortune shall waite vpon your rightfull armes,
And courage sparkell, from your Princely eyes,
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.

Antho. Now with our armies both conioyned in one,
Weele meete the enemy in *Macedon*.

Emathian fieldes shall change her flowry greene,
And die proud *Flora* in a sadder hew:

Siluer *Strenomonie*, whose faire Christall waues,

Once sounded great *Alcides* echoing fame:

When as he slew that fruitfull headed snake,

Which *Lerna* long-time fostered in her wombe:

Shall in more tragick accentes and sad tunes,

Eccho the terror of thy dismall sight,

Hemus shall fat his barren fieldes with bloud :

And yellow *Ceres* spring from woundes of men,

The toying husband-men in time to come,

Shall with his harrow strike on rusty helmes,

And finde, and wonder, at our swordes and speares,

And with his plowe dig vp braue *Romans* graues:

Finis. A &.

of Julius Caesar.

ACT. 5. SCE. 1.

Enter Discord.

Dis. The balefull haruest of my ioy, thy woe
Gins ripen *Brutus*, Heauens commande it so.
Pale sad *Auernus* opes his yawning lawes,
Seeking to swallow vp thy murtherous soule,
The furies haue proclaym'd a festiuall:
And meane to day to banquet with thy blood,
Now Heauens array you in your clowdy weedes:
Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,
And dreadfull *Chaos*, of sad dreary night,
Thou Sunne that climest vp to the easterne hill:
And in thy Chariot rides with swift steeds drawne,
In thy proud Iollity and radiant glory:
Go back againe and hide thee in the sea,
Darkenesse to day shall couer all the world:
Let no light shine, but what your swords can strike,
From out their steely helmes, and fiery shildes:
Furies, and Ghosts, with your blue-burning lampes,
In mazing terror ride through *Roman* ranks:
With dread affrighting those stout Champions hearts,
All stygian fiendes now leaue whereas you dwell:
And come into the world and make it hell.

*Enter Cassius, Brutus, Titinius, Cato Iunior,
with an army marching*

Cass. Thus far wee march with vnresisted armes,
Subduing all that did our powres with-stand:
Laodicia whose high reared walles,
Faire *Lycas* washeth with her siluer waue:
And that braue monument of *Perseus* fame,
With *Turcos* vaild to vs her vantage pride,
Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall:

Thou wert to stubberne, else thou still hadst stood,
 Inviolat of *Cassius* hurtles hand,
 That was my nurse, where in my youth I drew
 The flowing milke of Greekish eloquence:
 Proud *Capadocia* sawe her King captiu'd,
 (And *Dolabella* wanting in the spoyles,
 Of slayne *Trebonius*) fall as springing tree,
 Seated in lovely *Tempes* pleasant shades:
 Whom beuteous spring with blossoms braue hath deckt,
 And sweete *Faonia* mantel'd all in greene,
 By winters fage doth loose his flowry pride,
 And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds,
 Thus from the conquest of proud *Palestine*,
 Hether in trinnph haue we march'd along,
 Making our force-commanding rule to stretch,
 From faire *Euphrates* christall flowing waues
 Vnto the Sea which yet weepes to death,
 Slayne by great *Hercules* repenting hand,
Brn. Of all the places by my sword subdued,
 Pity of thee poore *Zanibus* moues me most;
 Thrice hast thou ben beseege'd by thy foe,
 And thrise to saue thy liberty hast felt
 The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand,
 First being beseege'd by *Harpalus* the *Mede*,
 The sterne performer of proud *Cyrus* wraths:
 Next when the *Macedonian* *Phillips* sonne,
 Did rayse his engines gainst thy battered walls,
 Proud *Zanthus* that did scorne to beare the yoake,
 That all the world was forced to sustaine,
 Last when that I my selfe did guirt thy walls,
 With troopes of high resolu'd *Roman* hearts,
 Rather then thou wouldst yeeld to *Brutus* sword,
 Or stayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,
 Did'st sadly fall as proud *Numantia*.
 Scorning to yeeld to conquering *Scipios* power.
Cas. And now to thee *Phillips*, are wee come,
 Whose fields must twise feele *Roman* cruelty,
 And flowing blood like to *Dercent* playnes,

When

When proud *Eteocles* on his foaming fleede,
Rides in his fury through the *Argian* troopes,
Now making great *Erastus* giue him way,
Now beating back *Tidens* puissant might:
The ground not dry'd from sad *Pharſalian* blood,
Will now bee turned to a purple lake:

And bleeding heapes and mangled bodyes slayne,
Shall make such hills as shall surpaſſe in height
The Snowy *Alpes* and very *Appenines*,

Tit. A Scout brought word but now that he deſcryd,
Warlike *Antenor* and young *Ceſar* troopes,
Marching in fury over *Theſſalian* playnes,
As great *Gradivus* when in angry ſhooes,
He driues his chariot downe from heauen's top,
And in his wheels whiſleth reueng and death:
Heere by *Phillippi* they will pick their tents,
And in theſe fieldes (ſatall to *Rome* lines)
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,

Caſ. O welcome thou this long expected day,
On which dependeth *Romans* liberty
Now *Rome* thy freedom hangeth in ſuſpence,
And this the day that muſt aſſure thy hopes

Caſſio Girat downe, and thou *Brutus* warlike Queene
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly *Gorgon* head.
Strengthen our armes that fight for *Rome* welth:
And thou ſterne *Mars*, and *Romulus* thy Sonne,
Defend that City which your ſelfe begun.
All beaueſty powers aſſiſt our rightfull armes,
And ſend downe ſiluer winged victory,
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Creſts.

Br. My minde that's troubled in my vexed ſoule,
(Oppreſt with ſorrow and with ſad diſmay)
Miſgiues me this wilbe a heavy day.

Caſſ. Why ſaynt not now in theſe our laſt extremes,
This time craues courage not diſpayring feare,

Tit. Fie, twill diſtayne thy former valiant acts.
To ſay thou fainteſt now in this laſt act,

Br. My mind is heavy, and I know not why,

By

But cruell fate doth common me to die,

Cate. Sweet *Brute*, let not thy words be ominous signes,
Of so mis-fortunrate and sad euent,
Heauen and our Valloir shall vs conquerours make.

Cassi. What Bastard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,
Or what vnglorious vnwounded thought,
Hath changed the vallour of our daunted mindes.

What are our armes growne weaker then they were?

Cannot this hand that was proud *Cesars* death,

Send all *Cesarians* headlong that same path?

Looke how our troupes in Sun-bright armes do shine,

With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.

The wrathfull steedes do check their iron bits,

And with a well grac'd terror strike the ground,

And keeping times in warres sad harmony.

And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare,

My selfe like valiant *Peleus* worthy Sonne,

The Noblest wight that euer *Troy* beheld,

Shall of the aduerser troopes such hauock make,

As sad *Phillipi* shall in blood bewaile,

The cruell massacre of *Cassius* sword,

And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare?

Brut. No outward shewes of puillance or of strength,

Can helpe a minde dismayed inwardly,

Leaue me sweete Lordes a while vnto my selfe.

Cassi. In this peane time take order for the fight,

Drums let your fearefull mazing thunder playe,

And with their sound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,

And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyse,

As when that *Boreas* from his Iron caue.

With boysterous furies Striuing in the waues,

Comes swelling forth to meet his blustering toe,

They both doe runne with ferce tempestuous rage,

And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.

The God *Oceanus* trembles at the stroke,

Brut. What hatefull furies vex my tortured mind?

What hideous sightes appalle my greued soule,

As when *Orestes* after mother flame.

Not

of Iulius Caesar.

Not being yet at *Scythians* Alters purged,
Behould the greesly visages of fiends,
And gasty furies which did haunt his steps,
Caesar vpbraues my sad ingratitude,
He saued my life in sad *Pharſalian* fieldes,
That I in *Senate* house might worke his death.
O this remembrance now doth wound my soule,
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

Enter Ghost.

Gho. Brutus, ingratfull *Brutus* seeſt thou mee:
Anon In field againe thou shalt me see,
Bru. Stay what ſo ere thou art, or fiend below,
Rayl'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,
Or fury ſent from *Phlegitonick* flames,
Or from *Coryus* for to end my life,
Be then *Megera* or *Tyſiphone*,
Or of *Ermenides* ill boading crue.
Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,
Come greesly meſſenger of ſad miſhap,
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,
And end my life and ſorrow all at once.

Gho. Accurſed traytor damned *Homicide*,
Knoweſt thou not me, to whome for forty honors
Thou three and twenty Gaſtly wounds didſt giue?
No dare no more for to behould the Hea-
For they to Day haue deſtyned thine end:
Nor liſt thy eyes vnto the riſing ſunne,
That nere ſhall liue for to behould it ſet,
Nor looke not downe vnto the Hellish ſhades,
There ſtand the furies thruſting for thy blood,
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'ſt,
There *Anthonyes* ſword will peirce thy trayterous heart.
Brutus to daie my blood ſhal be reuenged,
And for my wrong and vndeſerued death,
Thy life to thee a torture ſhall become,
And thou ſhalt oſt amongſt the dying grones,
Of ſlaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth.

The Tragedy.

With that like balefull cheere might thee befall,
And seeke for death that flies so wretched wight,
Vntill to stunne the honour of the fight,
And dreadfull vengeance of supernall ire.
Thine owne right hand shall worke my wish'd reueng,
And so Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

Brut. Stay *Cesar* stay, protract my greife no longer,
Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirsting throte,
With pleasing blood of *Cesars* guilty heart:
But see hee's gon, and yonder Murther stands:
See how he poynts his knife vnto my hart.

Althea raueth for her murdered Sonne,
And weepes the deed that she her-selfe hath done:
And *Melager* would thou liuedst againe,
But death must expiate. *Althea* come.
I, death the guerdon that my deeds deserue:
The drums do thunder forth dismay and feare,
And dismall triumphes sound my fatall knell,
Furies I come to meete you all in Hell,

Enter Cato wounded.

Cato. Bloodles and faynt; *Cato* yeelde vp thy breath;
While strength and vigour in these armes remaynd,
And made me able for to wield my sword,
So long I fought; and sweet *Rome* for thy sake
Fear'd not effusion of my blood to make.
But now my strength and life doth fayle at once,
My vigor leaues my could and feeble Ioynts,
And I my sad soule, must power forth in blood.
O vertue whome *Phylsophy* extols:
Thou art no essence but a naked name,
Bond-slave to Fortune, weake, and of no power,
To succor them which alwaies honourd thee:
Witnessse my Fathers and mine owne sad death,
Who for our country spent our latest breath:
But oh the chaines of death do hold my tounge,
Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.
O Heauens help *Rome* in this extremity.

Where :

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Cass. Where shall I goe to tell the saddest tale,
That ere the *Romane* toung was forc'd to speake,
Rome is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:
This Sunne that now hath seen so many deaths,
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets farall sound,
And straight Reuenge from *Syrgian* bands let loose,
Possessed had all hearts and banished thence,
Feare of their children, wife and little home.
Countrys remembrance, and had quite expeld,
With last departed care of life it selfe:
Anger did sparkell from our beautious eyes,
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to shake,
The horse had now put on the riders wrath,
And with his hooves did strike the trembling earth,
When *Echalarian* soundes then both gins meete:
Both like enraged, and now the dust gins rise,
And Earth doth emulate the Heauens cloudes,
Then yet beutyous was the face of cruell war:
And goodly terror it might seeme to be,
Faie shieldes, gay swords, and goulden crests did shine.
Their spangled plumes did dance for solity,
As nothing priuy to their Masters feare,
But quickly rage and cruell *Mars* had stayd,
This shining glory with a sadder hew,
A cloud of dartes that darkened Heauens light,
Horror instead of beauty did succede.
And her bright armes with dust and blood were foyld:
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Drusus* takes his end,
Here lies *Hortensius*, weltring in his goare.
Here, there, and euery where men fall and die,
Yet *Cassius* shew not that thy heart doth faynt:
But to the last gasp for *Romains* freedom fight,
And when sad death shall be thy labors end,
Yet boast thy life thou didst for Country spend.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Queene of Reuenge imperious *Nemesis*,

I 2

That

Tragedy
Thabin the wrinkles of mine angry browes,
Wrappst dreadfull vengeance and pale frightfull death;
Raine downe the bloody thowers of thy revenge,
And make our swordes the fatall instruments,
To execute thy furious balefull Ire,
Let grim death seate her on my Lancespoint,
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,
Shall lodge her there within there coward breastes,
Dread, horror, vengeance, death, and bloody hate:
In this sad fight my murdering swordes awaite.

Exit

Enter Titinius.

Titin. Where may I flee from this accursed soyle,
Or shunne the horror of this dismall day:
The Heavens are colour'd in mourning sable weedes,
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to see,
This bloody conflict; sad *Catastrophe*,
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard:
Nothing but blood and slaughter may bee seene
And death, the same in sundry shapes araied.

Enter Cassius.

Cass. In vaine, in vaine, O *Cassius* all in vaine,
Tis Heauen and destiny thou striuest against.

Titin. VVhat better hope or more accepted tydings,
Ist Noble *Cassius* from the Battell bringe?

Cass. This haples hope that fates decreed haue,
Philippi field must bee our haples graue.

Titin. And then must this accurd and fatal day,
End both our liues and *Romane* liberty:
Must now the name of freedome bee forgot,
And all *Romes* glory in *Theffalia* end?

Cass. As those that lost in boysterous troublous seas,
Beaten with rage of Pillowes stormy strife:
And without starres do sayle gainst starres and winde,
In dreary darkenesse and in chereles night,
Without or hope or comfort endles are:
So are my thoughts deiected with dismay,
Which can nought looke for but poore *Romes* decay.
But yet did *Brutus* liue, did hee but breath?

Or

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Or lay not slumbering in eternall night,
His welfare might intuse some hope, or life:
Or at the least bring death with more content:
Weried I am through labour of the fight:
Then sweete *Titinnius*, range thou through the fielde,
And either glad me with my friends successe,
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare:
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.
Tiin. *Cassius*, I goe to seeke thy Noble friend,
Heauen grant my goings haue a prosperous end.
Cassi. O go *Titinnius*, and till thy returne,
Heere will I sit disconsolate alone,
Romes sad mishap, and mine owne woes to moone:
O ten times treble fortunate were you,
VVhich in *Pharsalias* bloody conflict dyed,
VVith those braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame;
VVhich neere protected their most blessed dayes,
To see the horror of this dismall fight,
VVhy died I not in those *Ematlian* playnes,
VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cesars* hand?
And swift *Eurypus* downe his bloody streame
Bare shieldes and helmes and traines of slaughter'd men,
But Heauens referud mee to this luckles day,
To see my Countries fall and friends decay.
But why doth not *Titinnius* yet returne?
My trembling heart misgiues me what's befallne,
Brutus is dead: I herke how willingly
The Ecco iterates those deadly words,
The whisling windes wit' their mourning sound,
Do fill mine eares with noyse of *Brutus* death,
The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,
In dolefull notes recorde my friends decay.
And *Philomela* now forgets old wronges,
And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her songes.
I heare some noyse. O tis *Titinnius*,
No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,
My greued eares with that hearts-thrilling sound.

The Tragedy

Why dost thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?
Why dost thou then prolong my life in vayne?
Tell me my sentence and so end my payne:
He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,
Linger not *Cassius* for to heare reply,
What if he come and tels me hee is slayne?
That only will increase my dying paine,
Brutus I come to company thy soule,
Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.
Brutus I come prepare to meeete thy friend
Thy brothers fall proeures this balefull end.

Enter Titinius.

Tit. *Brutus* doth liue and like a second *Mars*,
Rageth in heate of fury mongest his foes,
Then cheere thee *Cassius*, loe I bring releefe.
And news of power to ease thy stormy greefe,
But see where *Cassius* weltreth in his blood,
Doth beate the Earth, and yet not fully dead.
O *Cassius* speake, O speake to me sweet friend,
Brutus doth liue; open thy dying eyes,
And looke on him that hope and comfort rings.
O noe, hee will not looke on mee but cryes,
That by my long delayes he haples dies:
Accursed villaine murderer of tiny friend,
Why hath thy lingering thus wrought? *Cassius* end,
How cold thy care was to preuent this deed;
How slow thy loue that made no greater speed,
Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,
My care was feareles, loue but flattery,
But sithence in my life my loue was neuer shewne,
Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne,
Accursed weapon that such blood could spil,
Nay cursed then the author of this deed,
Yet both offended, both shall punished be,
Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,
It shall make a passage for my life to passe,
Cause through my life his master murdered was.
And I on it againe will venged bee.

Cause

of *Inlinus Casar.*

Cause it did worke my *Cassius* tragedy.
Then this reueng shalbe to end my life.
Mine to distayne with baser blood the knife.

Enter Brutus the Ghost following him.

Brn. What dost thou still persue me vgly fend,
Is this it that thou thirsted for so much?
Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,
Would thy appeaseles rage be slackt with blood,
This sword to day hath crimsoned channels made,
But heare's the blood that thou woulds drinke so fayne,
Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.
Or if thou thinkest death to small a payne,
Drag downe this body to proud *Erebus*,
Through black *Cocytus* and infernall *Styx*,
Lethen waues, and fiers of *Phlegeton*,
Boyle me or burne, teare my hatefull flesh,
Deuoure, consume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,
Hell craues her right, and heere the furies stand,
And all the hell-hounds compasse me a round
Each seeking for a parte of this same prey,
Alasse this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,
Nor can it all your hungry mouthes suffice,
O tis the soule that they stand gaping for,
And endlesse matter for to prey vpon.
Renewed still as *Tutius* pricked heart,
Then clap your hands, let Hell with loy resound?
Here it comes flying through this aery round.
Gho. Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done
And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:
Nor liue t'applaud the iustice of this deed.
Murder by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

Enter Discord

Dis. I, now my longing hopes haue their desire,
The world is nothing but a massie heape:
Of bodys slayne, The Sea a lake of blood,
The Furies that for slaughter only thirst,
Are with these Massakers and slaughters cloyde,
Typhoeus pale, and *Megeras* thin face,

The Tragedy

I now puse vp, and swolne with quaffing blood,
Caron that vsed but an old rotten boate
Must nowe a nauie rigg for to transport,
The howling soules, vnto the *Strigian* stronde.
Hell and *Elysium* must be digd in one,
And both will be to litle to contayne,
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghostes,
That I my selfe haue tumbling thither sent.

Gho. Now nights pale daughter since thy bloody ioyes,
And my reuengfull thirst fulfilled are,
Doe thou applaud what iustly heauens haue wrought,
While murder on the murtherers head is brought.

Dis. *Cesar* I pitied not thy Tragick end:
Nor tyrants daggers sticking in thy heart,
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repayd,
But that thy death so many deaths hath made:
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,
And laugh to thinke I caused such endlesse woe.

Gho. Sith my reuenge is full accomplished,
And my deaths causers by them selues are slaine,
I will descend to mine eternall home,
Where euerlastingly my quiet soule,
The sweete *Elysium* pleasure shall inioy,
And walke those fragrant flowry fields at rest:
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower so rare,
Nor old *Alcinous* gardens may compare.
There that same gentle father of the spring,
Mild *Zephirus* doth *Odonrs* breath diuine:
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,
Or Summers sunne can make it fall or fade,
There with the mighty champions of old time,
And great *Heroes* of the Goulden age,
My dateles houres Ile spend in lasting ioy.



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